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CONVIVIO

CONVIVIO

Spring 1965

Volume III, Number 1

FICTION, POETRY, DRAMA, and ESSAYS
by STUDENTS and FACULTY
from

MOORHEAD STATE COLLEGE

Moorhead, Minnesota

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Sylvia Paine

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A FEELING OF THE DARK

*The sun stretches wide like an unborn dream
the coldness of light clings to earth and to clouds
a memory of warmth that will pass but stays fresh
while the dead are still in their shrouds.*

*The light disappears and the graves will be closed
the wind makes one shiver aware of the cold
a suicide urge of a jump in the dark
but children will never be bold,*

*While the darkness is heavy and closes one in
and nobody's voice calls out in the night
to the helpless who pray to the blind
for a guide to show them the light.*

*One tumbles and floats through a thick inky fog
and signposts point every direction
the ground disappears and depth becomes height
like a drunken Dante's confection.*

*The world's full of madness from everything made
and people get lost and forget that the land
gains a summer from things that are born. But wait,
there's a light in the east. Here's my hand.*

phil skoda

TABLE OF CONTENTS

I. STUDENT CONTRIBUTIONS:

Phil Skoda	Frontispiece: <i>A Feeling of the Dark</i>	3
Gary Wolf	<i>Fall</i>	7
Nancy Berg	<i>Love in the Rain So Still</i>	10
	<i>Oh Mad Girl</i>	10
	<i>Poem</i>	11
	<i>Deity</i>	12
	<i>False Dawn</i>	12
	<i>Storm</i>	13
	<i>Fun</i>	14
	<i>See If You Can!</i>	14
	<i>Words</i>	15
	<i>Death Song</i>	15
	<i>Light</i>	16
	<i>When?</i>	16
	<i>Oh, Well</i>	18
Dennis K. Lien	"Kingdoms Are Clay:" World-Spanning Imagery of Antony and Cleopatra	19
Viola V. Rostad	<i>Tinfoil, Now Replaced</i>	22
Nancy Berg	<i>A Walking Shadow</i>	23
Daniel H. Holm	<i>An Overview of Bergsonian Reality in Music</i>	27
Sam Brekke	<i>I Once Walked Through Fields</i>	34
	<i>An April Poem: For Dean</i>	34
	<i>Ninegreen Dreams</i>	35
	<i>A Late-December Poem for a Gone- Away Friend</i>	36
	<i>Dead of Winter: A January Poem</i>	38
Fair Meeks	<i>Faust's Search</i>	39
John Whalen	<i>One Sunday Morning</i>	42
John Manikowske	<i>A Discourse on Modern Art: Individualism</i>	43

Ruth Sheldon	<i>The Keys Were More Than Notes to Him</i>	46
	<i>A Thousand Rustling Leaves</i>	46
	<i>Sunshine!</i>	46
	<i>Inspiration Came Quietly</i>	46
	<i>It Sank Quietly</i>	47
	<i>Many Ways</i>	48
	<i>Those Words Cut Deeply</i>	48
	<i>Forgive Me?</i>	49
	<i>Forgiveness</i>	49
	<i>A Crushed Heart</i>	49
Dennis K. Lien	"Find Out Moonshine:" An Analysis of Moon-Imagery in <i>A Midsummer</i> <i>Night's Dream</i>	50
Paul Skoda	<i>Ode to Genesis</i>	53
Richard Leppert	(Untitled Story)	54
John Whalen	<i>Li Po, Poet of the T'ang Dynasty</i>	59
EyDi Davidson	<i>Attempt at Suicide</i>	62
	<i>See That Window</i>	62
	<i>As a Century</i>	62
	<i>Now I Wait for the Spring</i>	62
	<i>The Sky Feels Shiny</i>	62
	<i>I Hear You Chanting</i>	63
	<i>She Got Married Next Year</i>	63
	<i>First Love</i>	63
Larry McCrank	<i>Nationalism—Our New Religion?</i>	64

II. FACULTY CONTRIBUTIONS:

T. J. Farnham	<i>On Revisions: Or What Professional His- torians Really Do</i>	71
Marguerite H. Foster	<i>Religion and the Humanities</i>	76
Gerald J. Ippolito	<i>Saint Coriolanus</i>	81
Stephen L. Wasby	<i>On a Christmas Concert in St. Paul's Chapel</i>	85
	<i>America's Self-Image, the World, and the Political Process: A "Think-Piece"</i>	86
Catherine D. Rau	"Al Cor Gentil"	90

"The violent, neat and practised skill
Was all he loved and all he learned;
When he was hit, his body turned
To clumsy dirt before it fell.

And what to say of him God knows.
Such violence. And such repose."

Richard Wilbur
"Tywater"

FALL

Titles went back past him to where large mirrors reflected hands, pockets. And among them he stood reverent and very still. Very. He could feel the roll of his collar on his neck. Not even a faint crease broke that roll. He pinched his shirt together at the throat. Ceremoniously he checked the flawless slack of topcoat at his knees.

Dover, Dover, Avon, Dell.

Cchnng-chng. ring. "Than Kyoo." Voice cut foully. "Cawl again?"

New American Library he took his place. his place.

Cchnng-chng. my ring. 95¢. scratch.

Unreal lady and city.

It was raining a little outside. It sprayed on the awnings and polished the street. Restaurant looked like a hot, magical cave. The breath it put on the sidewalk drew him in, hotsmelling of sausage and soup and cigars. Inside it was very close and the collar seemed to stick . . .

"Soup?"

"Yes, plea. ."

Uncomfortable rats ate his composure. Their legs plotted droppings on his emotional integument. Gilded hair-spines.

"Your order, sir."

He pushed off from his table and caught the correct yes break off his slacks on his bluchers.

"Thank you.", The food.

"May I sit here? or is this place taken?"

"No, no, certainly." A lady? There are empty tables.

He concentrated on his soup.

"They're not too busy tonight, are they?"

"No, not too busy." He set his mouth and bit lightly on his cheeks.

"Do you work around here?"

"Yes, I (where?) work at Prudential."

"Prudential!"

Damn!

"I know everyone there. What department?"

"The, ah, Claims. Department."

"Claims? Claims. Do you know Mr. Arnold?"

"Ah-h, yes."

"Mmmm-he's such a dear. Do you know his wife?"

"No, I'm sorry, I don't."

"Oh you'd—just guess what type of person she is from Mr. Arnold I mean."

Ohh, the coffee shot across the table it soaked his lap as he moved. The cup spun along his collar.

"I'M SORRY! Don't do a thing. I'll get a sponge."

Her heels punctuated the distress of his wound.

Those little rat feet were running frantically scraping off their guilt on him in some wildly perverted exercise.

Dick Diver Dick Diver

She returned with a matron's concern.

"Here we'll fix everything up in a jiffy."

"Yes," with a smile but he was broken for now.

She mopped up the carnage concernedly. Smiling. Apologizing.

"I'm so sorry. My darn sleeve must have caught it, I'm so SORRY."

C-O-M-P-O-Z

He sponged his lap for a few seconds but gave it up.

"I hope your dinner isn't spoiled. By this I mean. I'm really SORRY about this." She finally sat down but it was time to go."

"Yes, it's all right. But, I really must go. I . . ."

"Oh, NO, you haven't finished."

"I've got to go, appointment."

He slipped on his topcoat and paid his check.

Cchnng-chng Cchnng-chng followed him out.

The rain had put lights in the tar

Diver Doctor Diver

This theater lobby was very red. Magenta carpeting suffocated talk and the hum of the picture.

"When's the next feature, miss?"

"The next feature is at 8:40, sir. Would you care to buy your ticket now, sir? You can wait in the foyer." She craned her neck in the booth to catch sight of two hands that spun on the puce wall behind him.

He shifted his weight.

"That would only be a wait of twenty minutes, sir."

"Twenty minutes?" little rodent andirons spiked him out.

"Yes, sir."

He bought a ticket and sat down on a carmine soft that went the length of the lounge. As his twenty minutes ran down the room filled with people.

"Pardon me, but do you have a match?"

Tall, tall thin woman was aiming her cigaret at him.

"Yes, yes, I think."

He slipped off his topcoat and went through his suit pockets.

"Here we go. His lighter politely met her cigaret.

Her eyes slipped off his face and focused on his pants. He wanted to explain the stare.

"Accident, coffee," a little too loudly.

Other eyes fixed on the stain.

"Ha, ha," he met their attention.

The thin woman turned into the lounge, her cigaret burning his pride.

"One side pleeze! One side pl-leeze." An usherette drove through to the entrance-exit.

"Pl-leeze."

He crowded into line.

A young woman turned conspicuously on him

"Aren't you leaving?"

"One side!"

Dick Diver

He picked his way out, his topcoat limply concealing his lap. The marquee had been turned off outside and the wet pavement was dead to color.

at the corner a truck changing its gears ran into rats and fleeing lemons

the directing angel blinked its obeisance

a woman on the sidewalk screamed

the rats and lemons hurried off

LOVE IN THE RAIN SO STILL

Any other time when my heart plays the sweet music of hunger on the strings of my soul; any other place other than desire here, where the rain falls so still, and lacelike webs perspire wet drops of rain from the trees, I would be full of wonder at the warm touch of my hand upon your hand. Perhaps lying on the sand under bright sunshine, it would be the same.

But in the sweet desperate hours of this night, my lap containing your damp curls, and our lips pressed tightly together,

this mighty surge of passion is not my childlike loneliness, nor is the press of our lips innocent; the hours of youth, like precious coins, have been spent: Give me your sheltering tent for this night, let me lie with you — watch over me.

Any other time, I would resist, but tonight, my love, I would be kissed, and shall not regret one moment tomorrow.

Though perhaps my childlike self will weep with sorrow for loss of innocence in a night when the rain falls so still;

And too, for the loss of wonder. Yet will I call for you, my love, and ponder your thoughts which are my thoughts, for we two are one will,

one love, one desire consummated. Any other time than now, consecrated.

OH MAD GIRL

With the sea salt in her hair she tore through the night in a murderous flight of terror; on rocks she dashed her breasts, and smashed all restful flesh on fierce docks of sharp wood.

How could she, seemingly mad, return to the still quiet wood and resume

a life of tranquil peace—when inside tearing twisting turmoil raged and overpowered all passive resistant state?

The wind and sand—cymbals—crashed sounds responding clamorous

into her being: seeing nothing in nothing but nothing, she ran ran

thundering into the crazy moon and became as white and pure and luminous as lakelight.

POEM

The mind transcends
reaches out
suspending thought
to where imagination
leaps up, fiery,
and consumes the lie
reality gives to mind.

Again the seeming
and the fantasy
the creation of dreams
and the dreaming
of beauty.

Again the dropping away
slowly, of touch and sound,
sight, and clutter
of things and thoughts
and the rot of chatter
endlessly fermenting
in stale mouths.

In the bowels of the poet
words form, shape,
pour themselves out,
are coughed up,
sputtered upon the page.
(tattered linens of old
garments worn too long)

A ceaseless hymn
sung so long
and so silently
that no-one hears:
An endless wail
wrenched painfully
out of the guts
so full of pain
no-one hears.

Another machine
slams each word
Thud! upon paper
cut, pressed, folded
into leaves
to be opened and read,
pondered
at the least, shunned . . .
or misunderstood.

DEITY

Something transcending the never-ending road
which winds its latent way among the weeds and brushes;
transcending the winding stream, the singing rushes,
the toads in the lush grass croaking their song;
something along or beside the sea's great stirring tide,
behind the rocks; something above the sky or in the wind's
sighing—alone and over-seeing. I believe it's trying
to cry in the wildest hearts . . . to soothe the aching darts
in injured souls. Perhaps this is the meaning found
in wondering at wound, tightly wound grasses
growing lackadaisically under tree roots;
perhaps the shoots of tiny grasses have a profundity
that surpasses larger full grown weeds, or winds blown
furiously in gaping shafts of space. Perhaps the place
of the thing transcendent is in its place resplendent
and alone: unfound . . . unended.

FALSE DAWN

Cynical caricature of hope,
mocking the dawn with your ludicrous dance,
laughing with a hollow sound
at the playful sun
who, as if in a trance, continues to rise
heedless of the cool illumined moon
which still demands the round
silhouette it occupies
in the palest of skies.

Parody of happiness
stealing forth from the heart,
You meet the day with arrogance,
wearing a veil of bitterness;
shamelessly you dance
to the rhythm of lies.

STORM

The ponderous clouds resound with thunder
in turbulence pounding from deep within.

In crazed blue white streaks across the sky
flashes a maze of lightening, and rivers
form from swelling tides of rain that falls
in torrents. Darkness pervades; all is dark,
deep, black horrid terror. The anger of heaven
knows no bounds and the earth resounds
with a terrible shudder.

The ceaseless shattering rain smashes the panes
of windows, in an endless invasion of peace.

With sudden inner fury the clouds are ripped
apart in shreds until revealed are lighter
layers concealed in placed pale shrouds
of slightly lavender lovely clouds.

The peals of thunder subside until
suddenly, silently, all is still.

The air is clean and cool and clear,
sunshine sprinkles here and there
and glows in rays as pure as gold,
breaking in superbly shining shafts
piercing the air. The sun in glory
pompously dares to glow serenely
from a throne of heaven barely
revealed in ravishing beauty.

FUN

Say, are you,
I said,
going to do
something?
No
He said,
I'll just watc

He'll jump then.
When? he said.
Now.
Yes.

A scream
and
down like Icarus
he soared.

Like a dream
he said.

BUT IT WASN'T A DREAM HE'S DEAD

Shaddup, he said,
We don't want to get involved.

SEE IF YOU CAN!

Choose
not to fly the high unrealistic
 flight of doves,
but to sulk
in marshes
like dark wet ducks
 waiting for the hunter:
And
repent of a spirit
 which only hungers
after dusk deepens the shadows
of the roadway
and the lights are dimmed . . .
 hungers after flight.

WORDS

All night, alone and silent,
I have waited for the words
with which to speak,
with which to cry.
They have not bubbled forth
like a deep spring
rich with purity,
nor have they grown sturdily
as from the earth trees come.
The words prevail:
They are there in books,
mouths, thoughts.
Waiting to be formed,
shaped, born into being;
to stand alone and silent,
not speaking,
not crying:
prevailing.
Not to be destroyed,
nor forgotten;
To be read, heard, sung,
by a glad heart
filled with joy
to comprehend poetry.

DEATH SONG

Sweet flutes crying like the wind
Supple harps plucking shapes of sound
Mellow recorders singing melodies
Now flutes trilling, oboes wailing,
Soaring, soaring violins
Rolling drums accompanying:

All are coherent, unified, continuous,
like life lived. It was but
a singing and a plucking of strings:
Finale . . . crescendo . . . Finis!

LIGHT

Youth with wavy hair and ashen cheeks, your light
penetrates into my searching eyes and fulfills the arid
soul of my past. I have watched, and now at last you smile.
I have touched your hand a small while and felt the tight
clasp of sudden warmth. Singing youth, you may become a man.
Your boyish ways make lovely tender songs,
but I would have a Symphony! Come then to me,
for I have waited long. You a boy and I a maiden
will with love be heavy laden. Oh, Love! your hair in waves
now tousled, and your ashen cheeks now blushing . . . !
In the morning you will know the crushing burden I have
carried;
and, yourself, having tarried, will see the disarray of
passion sudden.
But, oh youth, our love was play; when you're old you'll laugh
one day . . .
though now you weep. Hush, dear boy, sleep in my arms.
I am so very young myself . . . we'll keep a secret silent
of our passion violent. You will not tell; I loved you well.
You were gentle, you were tender, only this shall you remember:
That your wavy hair was rumped, and your shirt was slightly
crumpled;
trifles, love, indeed so slight . . . but you have given me a light
so pure; dark light that burns, sweet light that warms.

WHEN?

Now is the time for the being and the non-being
to merge; for the subject to look at his non-being
and become,
for the object to be looked upon by the subject
and to become:
In the center of being, merge and emerge.

Time to transcend,
Time to collect the chaos
of experience
and evaluate the loss.

Time to wait for time to heal
the hole in the side of the Being
who emerged.

Past time for the static contemplation
and the introspective rumination;
past time for submerging of the intellect,
or the chaos of emotion.

Time enough for the motion to evolve;
for the mythical notion to resolve itself.

Time for the creation of being
and the recreation of the unseen.
Time now to face the insecurity of flux;
to collect the ingenious order imposed
and see it in its absurdity.

Though the disunity is posed,
and the perversity of nature grave,
the great Eastern Sea will purge
the noxious and innumerable tides
and wash with one great hydrogen wave
all humanity into the depths or heights
within the Western Sea.

Time to act
Time to be
And in the evolution of the great
organic world, time to select
and to see. Time to reject
and accept; time to be free
to emerge from the dark.

For the darkness overwhelms;
Man seeing is blind
and blindly sees.
He cannot be, though striving
toward god, God; nor reviving
nature, Nature . . . nor self.
Man is a gulf upon which the tide
washes clean the surface of chaos,
but does not reside.

OH, WELL

He gave me pansies
but
they died,
like everything else
I forgot to water.

Did he say Maple Nut,
or chocolate?
Give me a hot dog
My soul is underfed.

After worshipping Dionysus
and the atonal muse
I go to confession
and stand by the door.
Pride hiccups
when it's false.

A small child
huddled
in my arms
as we watched a glorious
sunset
over the lake.

The pony leaped
over the hurdle
but I fell
into the brush
They watched soberly,
the kids,
and turned their backs.

The leaves are turning
and
they're all gone
all those who loved me
those whom I loved
when winter comes
I'll laugh.

"KINGDOMS ARE CLAY:"

WORLD-SPANNING IMAGERY OF *Antony and Cleopatra*

The most striking and consistent imagery of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* is that of world-spanning. The stage of the play is vast, scenes shift from Rome to Egypt, and the protagonists play out their game of chess on a board of kingdoms. Antony has "superfluous kings for messengers" (III, xii, 5), and promises Cleopatra to "piece her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the East . . . shall call her mistress" (I, v, 45-47). Behind Octavius Caesar stands Rome, and in his war with Antony "half to half the world opposed" (III, xiii, 9). Winning, Caesar becomes "sole sir o' th' world" (V, ii, 120), master of the greatest of chess boards.

Names of countries and rulers are bandied about like crumbs of gossip, from the anonymous Messenger's "Labienus . . . hath with his Parthian force/Extended Asia from Euphrates . . . from Syria to Lydia and to Ionia . . ." (I, ii, 103-107) to Caesar's enumeration of Antony's royal allies (III, vi, 68-76). Other lands and places march in review individually, almost thrown off in passing: Sicyon, Modena, the Alps, Misena, Sicily, Sardinia, Syria, Media, Mesopotamia, and Athens are among them, besides the omnipresent Rome and Alexandria.

The note of world-spanning is struck early; by the twelfth line of the play Philo refers to Antony as the "triple pillar of the world." But this "triple pillar" has discovered something more important to him than his mastership of men and kingdoms: his love for Cleopatra, to measure which must be found "new heaven, new earth" (I, i, 17), and for whose sake his earthly portion means nothing:

Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the ranged kingdom fall . . .
Kingdoms are clay. (I, i, 33-35)

Cleopatra, on her part, offers to "unpeople Egypt" (I, v, 78) merely to send messages to Antony after their parting.

But however much Antony and Cleopatra may wish to subordinate all the earth to their love, they are faced always with an enemy to whom love is nothing and world-mastership, all: Octavius Caesar. His power is acknowledged by Antony:

The third o' th' world is yours, which with a snaffle
You may pace easy . . . (II, ii, 63-64)

and it is his confederate Agrippa's scheme of marrying Antony to Octavia that calls forth from Cleopatra new world-deploying oaths: "Say 'tis not so, a province will I give you . . . (II, v, 68)." When convinced that the tale is indeed true, it is her kingdom upon which she verbally vents her rage: "Melt Egypt into Nile" (II, v, 78) and

I would . . . half my Egypt were submerged and made
A cistern for scaled snakes. (II, v, 94-95)

Meanwhile at Misena, "The senators alone of this great world,/ Chief factors for the gods" (II, vi, 9-10) have combined to eliminate Pompey's rivalry for the great prize of sole world-mastership, at the small cost of Sicily and Sardinia—crumbs from the table of Antony and Caesar. The stage is now almost set for the overt struggle between these two, as the feeble flatterings of the "slight and unmeritable man" (*Julius Caesar*, IV, i, 12), "triple pillar" Lepidus, are about to end in failure. In his final appearance he is displayed more than ever as a cipher, and, drunken, as an ass. He is borne off unconscious by an attendant who thus "bears the third part of the world" (II, vii, 96). The earth is indeed up for grabs aboard Pompey's gallery; Menas explains to Pompey that "I am the man/ Will give thee all the world" (II, vii, 70-71). Drunkenly, the rulers and would-be rulers clasp hands and sing "Cup us till the world go round" (II, vii, 124)—millions of square miles reduced to the playthings of mortals filled with too much wine.

At last, with the disposal of Lepidus, the world "hast a pair of chaps, no more . . ." (III, v, 14), ready to "grind the one the other" (III, v, 16), when Antony, subordinating as always his earthly realms for his love, gives to Cleopatra and to her sons his share of the East (III, vi, 8-11, 14-16), prompting the unsympathetic Caesar to comment:

... He hath given his empire
Up to a whore . . . (III, vi, 66-67)

The battle is joined—and Antony's "whore," fleeing with her forces from the encounter at Actium, encompasses in the flight of one woman the fate of an empire. The first and best chance of Antony's success is gone, he has "kissed away/ Kingdoms and provinces" (III, x, 7-8). His own honor is soiled, and his royal followers, his great "list of sceptres" (III, vi, 76), begin to leave him (III, x, 33-34). His mastery of the earth is foredoomed, all for the love of Cleopatra, his "Egypt"

With half the bulk o' th' world played as I pleased,
Making and marring fortunes. You . . .
... were my conqueror. (III, xi, 64-65)

Antony, reduced to remembering past glories (III, xiii, 90-92), is still of value, at least as a symbol, to "universal landlord" Caesar (III, xiii, 72). For him, Caesar would barter further crumbs, further pawns from his store of kingdoms:

... he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities. (III, xiii, 18-19)

Yet Antony fights on, in a world now not subservient but hostile to him. As Cleopatra asks:

... com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?" (IV, viii, 17-18)

But "the world's great snare" at last snaps shut, and his fleet surrenders. Hard upon this comes the news of Cleopatra's supposed "death", and Antony, having lost his honor and his share of the world for love, has at last, as he thinks, lost even she whom

he has loved. He now looks ahead to regaining his lover (IV, xiv, 50-54), and looks back wistfully at what he has thrown away: the earth.

... I, that with my sword
Quartered the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities . . . (IV, xiv, 57-59)

He makes his decision, mortally wounds himself, and learns too late that Cleopatra is yet alive.

To Cleopatra, now, the earth is somber:

... Darkling stand
The varying shore o' the world (IV, xv, 10-11)

and, as "the greatest prince o' the world, The noblest . . ." (IV, xv, 54-55) dies, it is also at once bland and bestial:

... this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty . . . (IV, xv, 61-62)

Antony's death, reported to Caesar, receives further expression of his fall as the destruction of one of the pillars of the earth (V, i, 14-19); as he says:

... in the name lay
A moiety of the world. (V, i, 18-19)

Cleopatra, having lost, with Antony's defeat, all their mutual realms, is now a beggar, offering to "kneel . . . with thanks" (V, ii, 21) for the retention of what was once utterly hers to command. Even begging fails.

In the final act, the imagery of Antony as world-master explodes to yet greater heights with Cleopatra's magnificent elegy to her dead lover:

His legs bestrid the ocean, his reared arm
Crested the world. His voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres . . .
... In his livery
Walked crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates dropped from his pocket. (V, ii, 82-84, 90-92)

The triple pillar has become, in Cleopatra's memory, not so much a master of the world as a god of it. Though Caesar is now "Sole sir o' th' world" (V, ii, 120), his rulership of kingdoms is far less awe-inspiring than Antony's recent discarding of them in exchange for something far more precious to him.

Cleopatra, for the last time, appears as a monarch:

Give me my robe, put on my crown, I have
Immortal longings in me . . . (V, ii, 282-283)

She, too, scorns Caesar, who has won merely so paltry a thing as the earth (V, ii, 288-290). Indeed, for her, "the world . . . is not worth leave-taking" (V, ii, 300-301).

It is over. The game has been won by Octavius Caesar; the game-board is his alone. The vastness of earth's mightiest empire has been placed in opposition to the love of two monarchs, and the love is destined to be remembered when the empire is dust. Caesar grants the lovers, at the end, one last small portion of the world to be theirs—the world whose mastery has been the prize and whose expanse the major theme of imagery in this play:

No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. (V, ii, 362-363)

TINFOIL, NOW REPLACED

A tiny tot
Stood awe-inspired
Gazing with eyes of amazement
At the tree.
High above her it towered on green legs
Proudly displaying its tinsel decorations
And holding tightly its candles of wax.

Blue eyes glistened as she saw the sparkling tinfoil star
High up on the lofty spires of green.
Dimples flashed and tiny hands clasped
As her gaze fell upon a fragile angel
Suspended from a branch.
Sweet scent of evergreen and smell of spice
Pervaded the atmosphere
Of the humble home.
No palace finer nor tree of greater splendor
Than this surveyed
By childish eyes.

* * * * *

The years went by
A woman now, she stands before the tree.
Soft scent of evergreen and odor of baking things
Pervade the house.
Softly she smiles as childhood memories
Stand firm in her heart.
The little angel swings
Suspended still (tho' tarnished) from balsam bough.
Familiar baubles hang gayly from the tree.
Soft lights replace the candles;
And yet there seems a change
Not yet defined.

And then she knew!
The star is changed!
A new star shining on the top.
That of tinfoil, now replaced
With one so shining and lovely,
Shimmering in celestial radiance
Like unto the Star of old.

She stands in awe
A child once more
Tho' not in years.
Discerning now that such is change
When souls are changed;
Tinfoil, now replaced.

A WALKING SHADOW

(one-act play in 4 pages)

(A one-act play, set in a room, with a stairway entrance for four of the characters: Two stairways leading up, for BOY and for MADMAN; two leading down, for MISS LINDELLO and for JIM. ABRAHAM has a large straight-backed mahogany chair, with gruesome carvings upon the arms and back.)

(ABRAHAM and JIM are onstage)

ABRAHAM: We gather together here to give a pretentious play on the theme of orderly chaos. For such is the facade of civilization.

JIM: You talk like a beatnik. God made the world to conform to the order of the universe . . .

ABRAHAM: The order of what?

JIM: Chaos only exists in hell. Look into the world about you, listen to what Science has to say; there is order everywhere.

ABRAHAM: Obviously. (pause) Chaos!

JIM: Order!

ABRAHAM: Obviously orderly chaos, indeed.

JIM: You're crazy.

ABRAHAM: Perhaps, but normally so.

JIM: My god, man, will you listen to me? I won't let you give this play . . . at least not on such an absurd theme. Listen . . . How can you say civilization is a facade? Do you think we're all barbarians at heart?

ABRAHAM: No. Merely primitive. Primitive impulses transcend and overwhelm man, who has been guiltily regretting his human nature since his first Sunday School lesson about Adam and Eve.

(Enter BOY, a child about five years old)

BOY: Hi.

ABRAHAM: Hi yourself. Here is our child, let's mold him like clay into a normal stable citizen who will add to the work force of our nation and fill Fort Knox and his stomach until he is bloated like a fat pig . . .

JIM: SHUT UP!

ABRAHAM: . . . with his comfort. He will then sit by the fire and meditate upon great thoughts. "What will I have for supper tonight?" and "What shall I wear to work tomorrow?" Of course, he'll never be able to decide . . .

JIM: Little boy, come here. Don't listen to him, he's only teasing. You do **not** understand him anyway. Thank the lord for innocence.

ABRAHAM: (aside) Innocence . . . out of the mouths of babes. Rot. They have only limited experience.

JIM: Boy, come here.

BOY: No.

JIM: Just for a moment. Here, sit on my lap and I'll tell you a funny story.

BOY: Don't like funny stories. Wanna play a game. Ain't got nothing to do.

ABRAHAM: I haven't got anything to do. . . . Stupid!

JIM: Shhhh! You can't reprimand a child for what he doesn't know.

ABRAHAM: For ignorance?

JIM: Oh can it, for cripe's sake. (to BOY.) Now listen, kid, we haven't time to play games right now, but if you will sit on my lap . . . ?

BOY: Don't wanna.

(JIM walks over and takes the child's hand and sets him on his lap. The Boy squirms, yells, kicks JIM, and runs out of the room.)

SILENCE

ABRAHAM: You are depraved.

JIM: What? My god, man, what are you talking about?

ABRAHAM: The facade.

JIM: You bastard! Look . . . I happen to like children because they're innocent, clean, good . . . You're so damn cynical and bitter, you'd never understand.

ABRAHAM: You are the one who doesn't understand, if there is someone who doesn't understand.

JIM: God, even you must have been a sweet little boy once.

ABRAHAM: Sweet? Was that boy sweet? NO. And neither was I. I was a lonely little brat. A bastard. Pardon, an illegitimate child. Even though I had parents.

JIM: NO . . . NO . . . NO!

ABRAHAM: If anyone's crazy around here, it's you. Your world is an illusion. You give the lie to yourself and to me and to the world. To the false world you live in.

JIM: I refuse to listen to you. I won't continue. You cannot, must not, will not, give this play. I would kill you first before I would let you corrupt the audience with such insane nonsense.

(JIM strides toward ABRAHAM in anger)

ABRAHAM: Oh shut up, and get out of here. Let me give my play as I see it. You can make another entrance later on. (pause) You've given an excellent beginning and the exposition is pointed because of yourself, now EXIT!

JIM: (spluttering) You . . . you . . . you are absolutely incoherent and I don't know what you're talking about. This is stupid, absolutely stupid. I am not in your play and I will not be in any play of yours, and . . . if I ever see you again, I'll bash your head in. (exit)

ABRAHAM: Orderly chaos.

(enter MISS LINDELLO)

M. LINDELLO: Good afternoon. My name is Miss Lindello. I have come to tell you of the second coming of Christ. It has been said that you, Abraham, are not 'saved' and we of the select few, fear for your soul.

ABRAHAM: Are you asking to be raped?

M. LINDELLO: No, my dear sir, and you must please refrain from using vulgar language in my presence. You must keep your hands busy and your thoughts free from sensuality . . .

ABRAHAM: I could keep my hands busy . . .

M. LINDELLO: We are here to help you.

ABRAHAM: We? We? One frustrated skinny old maid . . . and a religious fanatic at that. WE? Ha ha ha.

M. LINDELLO: I am unperturbed, for I know beauty is of the soul, and as for marriage, it can be a communion, indeed—even a direct knowledge of our most beautiful savior himself.

ABRAHAM: Knowledge . . . in the 'biblical sense'?

M. LINDELLO: Will you now sir, please to not say another word and listen to me read this passage.

ABRAHAM: I will not. Your entrance was ill-timed. I have seen depravity, am enticed, and if you do not exit immediately I will undress you here and now and teach you about your pious illusions of knowledge.

M. LINDELLO: You are a wicked man and your soul will burn forever in hell. It is such as you that we are dedicated to help, and yet I would like to slap your face and rub your mouth out with soap.

ABRAHAM: No. You would like to caress my face and kiss my mouth because the gospel preaches love.

M. LINDELLO: You'll not go on for long. The wrath of God will be visited upon you. I must make my exit now, or I'll be sick to my stomach.

(exit M. LINDELLO)

ABRAHAM: No . . . you're sick in your womb. Poor soul . . . she, and her kind should all have a roaring affair, and their guilt would be appeased. Then, maybe, just maybe, they could do some good in the world.

(enter MADMAN)

MADMAN: Tay hay quoth shay and clapped the winter too. Come away miserable child to the wild waters and yet again we will perforce make love under the waiting willows. I loved my daughter . . . oh woe, my god under the name of America, I loved her. Forgive me, for I know not what others do.

ABRAHAM: I love you.

MADMAN: No no no no love is a burning thorn in my naked temple.

Speak not of love, my lovely, go forth into the wilderness and tempt sweet apples to fall into the mouths of serpents and babes. Fa la. Love makes the whirl go round. Oh caromioala mother trio, rio . . . I had a grand time gambling once . . . I won.

ABRAHAM: Yes, you won; but you lost. You're not mad. But you do an excellent performance, style, technique, movement, etc. You're the first actor in my play that wasn't type-cast.

MADMAN: NO. It isn't any fun now. Keep pretending you are sane, good Abraham, and use your madness. I can no longer play my role, I must become a carpenter. My hands are useless.

ABRAHAM: Jim, Miss Lindello, Boy, make your entrances. That is your cue . . . "useless."

(enter the boy in Jim's arms, and Miss Lindello holding hands with the child.)

ABRAHAM: You are now a family. Go forth and this man will build you a house. He is a carpenter.

(all bow down before ABRAHAM and chant:)

ABRAHAM, OUR PLAYWRIGHT, OUR DIRECTOR, OUR FATHER; OUR ROLES ARE SUITABLE. WE THANK YOU. YOU ARE A JUST ABRAHAM. A KIND ABRAHAM. A STERN ABRAHAM. WE HATE YOU.

ABRAHAM: Go in peace.

the end

AN OVERVIEW OF BERGSONIAN REALITY IN MUSIC

Bergson's view of reality may briefly be introduced through a few passages from his writings:

There is an external reality which is given immediately to our mind This reality is mobility All reality is, therefore, tendency, if we agree to call tendency a nascent change of direction.¹

He further states concerning this movement, this tendency, this duration, this mobility, this extension, that the inquiry into the real essence " . . . is taken from no point of view and rests on no symbol."²

In short, the movement will not be grasped from without, and, as it were, from where I am, but from within, inside it, in what it is in itself. I shall have a hold of an absolute.³

Perhaps now is a good time to consider the real nature of an absolute, of "one reality which we all seize from within, by intuition and not by simple analysis. It is our own person . . ."⁴ Bergson states that beneath the "superficial congelation"⁵ of perceptions which come to the mind from the material world

. . . is a continuity of flow comparable to no other flowing I have ever seen. It is a succession of states each one of which announces what follows and contains what precedes. Strictly speaking they do not constitute multiple states until I have already got beyond them, and turn around to observe their trail.⁶

Further, "there is no feeling, no matter how simple, which does not virtually contain the past and present of the being which experiences it."⁷ Since each feeling is a synthesis of the past and the present through the means of mobility, and more correctly a feeling in the process of becoming to being in a synthesis of the past and present through the means of mobility, that feeling cannot be realized by analyzing the rest, for it leaves out the other parts of reality, the present and mobility. Also, the combination of the past and present cannot be analyzed as one, because that mobility that is in the essence of reality is always moving. Since movement must always be for reality to exist, and ". . . duration is the state of completing itself,"⁸ a thing cannot be completing itself wherever movement ceases to be, for movement is inherent in reality. Therefore, seemingly to analyze mobility is to analyze that which is not real, but, as it were, the burned-out coals of reality. The synthesis of the

¹Henri Bergson, *Introduction to Metaphysics* (New York, 1961), pp. 59-60.

²*Ibid.*, p. 1.

³*Ibid.*, p. 3.

⁴*Ibid.*, p. 9.

⁵*Ibid.*, p. 11.

⁶*Ibid.*

⁷*Ibid.*, p. 23.

⁸*Ibid.*, p. 14.

past and present without its synthesizing agent, mobility, can never be stopped and remain in the essence of reality.

The question that now comes to mind is, how can one get into that object or that essence since that action will let us know the reality. Bergson says of some things that it may be possible to "... enter into them by an effort of imagination;"⁹ this entering is called intuition, which is "... the sympathy by which one is transported into the interior of an object..."¹⁰ By way of example. A psychiatrist attempting to help a mental patient tries to enter into the stream of consciousness (mobility) of that patient, or tries to establish an empathy with that person. He cannot establish that empathy unless he himself has had some experiences similar to those of the patient. The patient is encouraged to talk, ramble, or in some manner express his experiences and emotions since the doctor cannot help without a knowledge of what is in the patient's mind. Those outward manifestations of the patient's mind in themselves are not the mind but only symbols of what is in the mind. If the doctor has experienced a dread of falling down stairs, and the patient in his ramblings mentions the same feeling, the doctor may enter into the patient's stream of consciousness; he can then be in sympathy with his patient. In short, we cannot feel in other people what we have not felt in ourselves. Bergson cautiously states that such an intuition may not always be possible, but one may know the reality of the thing desired when one "... establishes itself (himself) in the moving reality and adopts the life itself of things. This intuition attains the absolute."¹¹

Again, how does one adopt that life in order to gain intuition? For one does not obtain from reality an intuition, that is to say, a spiritual harmony with its innermost quality if one has not gained its confidence by a long comradeship with its superficial manifestations.¹²

This would seem contradictory to Bergson's ideas that symbols cannot give an intuition. This "comradeship" is not an intuition; although it may be considered symbolic, it does serve to indicate and point to the things that have been left behind the trail of reality. This comradeship does serve to let us see, by way of example, the contrails of multiplicity (burned-out coals of reality) that have been laid down by the jet of reality. By recognizing the comradeship that is particular to the reality being pursued, we are not deceived into an endless search of unrelated multiplicity. We know that there has been a reality which has passed, that we are not pursuing a thing that has not been a certain place at a certain time, but has been in a state of existence. It remains for us to find out if that thing still exists.

Let it be said, in conclusion, that there is nothing mysterious about this faculty. Whoever has worked successfully at literary composition well knows that when the subject has been studied at

⁹Ibid., p. 2.

¹⁰Ibid., p. 6.

¹¹Ibid., p. 67.

¹²Ibid., p. 82.

great length, all the documents gathered together, all notes taken, something more is necessary to get down to the work of composition itself: an effort, often painful, immediately to place oneself in the very heart of the subject and to seek as deeply as possible an impulsion which, as soon as found, carries one forward itself . . . and yet, if one turns around suddenly to seize the impression felt, it slips away; *for it was not a thing but an urge to movement, and although indefinitely extensible, it is simplicity itself.*¹³

By comradeship with the contrails of the jet we may be caught up in an intuition if the jet turns in its movement and recrosses a portion of its contrail, thus taking in parts to be used in the essence of reality. If we are situated on one of those trails, we shall be found with an intuition of reality. Intuition of reality is always dependent upon mobility and it is not always possible unless mobility changes its direction and passes through some element of its multiplicity of burned-out coals. Those ashes will forever remain ashes unless they are regenerated into the essence of reality through the visit of mobility.

The meaning of song goes deep. Who is there that, in logical words, can express the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that!

—Carlyle

In order for music to exist or to be considered as a reality, it must be a synthesis of the past and present through its synthesizing agent, mobility; i.e., the history of music must be summed up with the present and the total must pass on to a state of extension through its summing-up agent, mobility. Bergson states:

Now and then it takes quasi-instantaneous views of the undivided mobility of the real. It thus obtains *sensations* and *ideas*. By that means it substitutes for the continuous the discontinuous, for mobility stability, for the tendency in process of change it substitutes fixed points which mark a direction of change and tendency. This substitution is necessary to common sense, to language, to practical life . . . ¹⁴

In music an examination is made of those sensations and ideas, those fixed points which mark a direction of change and tendency; by that examination a so-called language of music is developed. That language can illustrate only what has been and not what is in the process of being. Again, at this point, let it be repeated that, to be a reality, music must be a constant condition of change which involves the relationship of the past, the present, and mobility. This language has a function besides the portrayal of the past; it may help us to understand or point toward the essence of reality. The mind has mobility and, therefore, is located in reality through the synthesis of the past and present by that mobility. By this token music may be said to originate as reality in the mind, and manifest itself as an externalization of that reality.

Before we can progress any further, we should attempt to state what realities we will allow music to represent. Several references

¹³Ibid., pp. 81-82. (My italics.)

¹⁴Ibid., pp. 60-61.

will be made to the *Harvard Dictionary of Music*. It is interesting to note that the first page of the dictionary proper has the following lone statement printed: "If you want to understand the invisible, look carefully at the visible."¹⁵ Paraphrasing, we shall observe the visible elements of music to attempt an approach at understanding musical reality. Listing some musical qualities by their generally accepted definitions as found in the language of music may be helpful: sound, rhythm, melody, harmony, rhyme, intensity, duration, etc. However, it does not necessarily follow that all of the above must be included in a definition of creative music. For example, turn to Beethoven:

Only after his death was found among his papers the cry of despair he wrote: "You, my fellow men who denounce me as morose, crabbed, misanthropic. How you wrong me! I have fallen into an incurable malady. Born with a fiery, lively temperament, inclined for the amusements of society, I was forced to isolate myself. I could not bring myself to say to people, 'Speak louder, shout, for I am deaf.'"

Deaf. A word like stone soundlessly entombing the world's greatest musician. All through the summer of 1802, Beethoven, striding over the green countryside outside Vienna where birds seem unheard, beat furiously against the closing walls in that bullish dark head, music stormed and soared as never before. Now, crippled in a musician's most vital sense, he must surrender to failure and despair or, by powers not yet found, must somehow triumph. "I shall take Fate by the throat," he decided.

His challenge is announced by the mighty *Eroica*, not only the first great modern symphony, but Beethoven's own soul speaking from its profound depths.¹⁶

This is a moving example to stress an important consideration when qualities of music are enumerated and manipulated in an attempt to produce music. When considering the qualities of music, we are studying aesthetics. "Musical aesthetics is the study of the relationship of music to the human senses and intellect."¹⁷ It is assumed that music involves some of the human sense, if not all, viz.: sight, sound, taste, smell, touch. It can be demonstrated, though it will not be attempted here, that all of the five senses can play a part in music; but it does not necessarily mean that all of them must be represented in music. Beethoven's greatest works were written without the sense of sound; people have written music without sight. In fact, all of the senses could be dealt with in this manner.

Let it be repeated again: Music is the externalization of realities that exist in the mind. Some of those externalizations have been examined; there are others that might be more readily understandable to the mind. It is generally agreed that the mind has what are called emotions, such as joy, sadness, fear, love, pity, hate, anger, sympathy, etc. When one is in the process of feeling these emotions or these passions, he does not doubt their reality, for he is stirred by their mobility and consequently experiences reality.

¹⁵Willi Apel, *Harvard Dictionary of Music*, (Cambridge, 1956), p. 1.

¹⁶Donald Culross Peattie, "Beethoven—The Man Who Set Music Free," *The Reader's Digest Keepsake* (Pleasantville, 1960), pp. 115-116.

¹⁷Apel, p. 17.

Returning again to the statement previously made, music is an externalization of the realities that exist in the mind, it is possible that any of the qualities previously discussed may be contained in the reality of music. Again these qualities of themselves are only symbols of the language of music since musical reality can only be grasped "... from within, inside it, in what it is in itself."¹⁸

For one does not obtain from reality an intuition, that is to say, a spiritual harmony with its innermost quality if one has not gained its confidence by a long comradeship with its superficial manifestations.¹⁹

We have been trying to establish that comradeship by examining the musical externalizations of the mind. It can be assumed that the act of living, in all its phases, affects those musical externalizations.

The more externalizations we can become acquainted with, even to the near exhaustible, the greater will be our chances of coming into sympathy with reality. Imagine, for example, that at one time you were in a joyful mood and whistled as an externalization of that mood. Hence, you acquired a memory of a particular externalization of joy; you acquired a comradeship with a superficial manifestation of joy. Imagine further that in an imaginary walk down an unlighted street at night, you heard a whistling that was so moving it evoked that past comradeship, that past memory. You would immediately be in empathy. You would recognize that reality of joy although you never saw or touched that person; only one of your senses was in immediate contact. This example illustrates how one may come into empathy with musical reality. The greater the acquaintance with music's superficial element, the greater will be the chances of intuitive contact with its reality.

Studying the history of music provides an opportunity to become acquainted with many of music's superficial elements. The origin of music is open to speculation since no one knows where, when, or how music began. The original externalizations may have consisted of vocal efforts, the clapping of hands, the stamping of feet; later, man in his effort to externalize, created means to extend this by such creations as the drum, the reed, the string, etc. Not only has man emanated qualities of reality from his mind; he has taken objects, happenings, events, etc., and through his mobility of mind, incorporated them into essences of reality. Poetry, for instance, with its rhythm and singing rhyme of thought and word has been synthesized into musical reality by composers such as Chopin, whose ballads were interpretations of poems by Mickiewicz. Conversely, songs have also been synthesized into poetry and prose.

It will be seen that a mutual empathy may exist between listener and composer. The composer's composition is a result of the mobility of the mind synthesizing many experiences. If a listener has acquainted himself with the superficial manifestations of those related experiences, he may possibly obtain harmony with the

¹⁸Bergson, p. 3.

¹⁹*Ibid.*, p. 82.

composition. For instance, many composers have been moved to create by experiences associated with a solitary walk through the woods. If we take a similar solitary walk, we may possibly obtain some of these experiences; and if we listen to his compositions which incorporated those experiences, we may come into empathy with that work.

Music has taken forms in different cultures.

Two melodies, one from Ceylon, the other from Brazil, may look pretty much alike "on paper," but will sound very different in real performance. The intonation may be exact in one case and fluctuating in another; similarly, the one performance may be full of strong accents, the other flowing; one timbre nasal, the other throaty; the rhythm steady in one case and free in the other, etc. More than any other feature, the manner of delivery characterizes and distinguishes racial groups, and, moreover, connects the music of such a group with its general anthropological characteristics, such as posture, bodily movement, emotional characteristics, etc.²⁰

Different cultures and individuals have different experiences; therefore, their particular compositions cannot be seized intuitively unless one becomes acquainted with those particular experiences of superficial manifestations that belong to that work, that culture, that era, that time.

Not only does music vary between cultures, but also within cultures. In the United States there are several types of music prevalent of which only two will be mentioned by way of representation and comparison: the so-called (if you'll pardon such ridiculous labels and comparisons) very wide generalizations of classical and modern, with all their connotations. If we hold to our statement that music is an externalization of realities that exist in the mind, we must admit that both types are music. If one is to gain empathy with either type, he will investigate the comradeship of the one he wants to gain an intuition of. The distinction of what is good music and what is bad must be drawn according to what the musical realities of the cultures and individuals consist of. Music will be at its best when it accurately portrays those musical realities. Music is less good when it portrays fragments of that reality, or worse, as one sometimes thinks, when practically nothing is portrayed.

For all this effort on paper, one cannot tell another how to get in empathy with musical reality, but only that one must be aware of the past, the present, and then attempt to hitch a ride on the bandwagon of mobility. That bandwagon can laconically be called feeling, which cannot be imparted to another through the power of reason.

²⁰Apel, p. 600.

A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answered, "I have felt."

—Tennyson

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I ONCE WALKED THROUGH FIELDS

I once walked through fields in
The crisping season
Noting the movements of remnant leaves
And flickering confederations of mice
From hollow grasses I watched the wind
Darken and scratch
Old shadows on the reddening doors
Of a forgotten Ford
And walked toward the rattle of wings
In a black season

AN APRIL POEM: FOR DEAN

It's April today, Dean
And the black waters are
 leaving the parking lots
In a most disorderly fashion.
Waters that recently incarcerated us
In other forms
Are moving with small, bright sounds
Toward freedom in the sewers
Toward freedom in the rivers
And the sound of rain
On the broad leaves of summer.

I hear singing out there, Dean.
I hear voices along a highway in America.
And faintly out of India
I can hear your blues.

NINEGREEN DREAMS

Greengourd dreams in the gibberish of the Newborn-
Frolicsome bestiaries caper on the walls.

Greentreedreams of summer youth and the dandelion wine of
random voyages-
The green map discovered in a bird's nest, meridians, Indian
tobacco

Greenboy dreams, it the strange country of young manhood-
Youth asking longlegged questions in a voice that cracks.

Greenjag dreams condemn 1948 Fords-
Symphonies in exhaust thunder; ecstasy at 7,000 r.p.m.

Greenivybook dreams, cumlo-nimbus ideals that will transform
the world-
Logic shall overthrow all dictators and the Brotherhood of Man
will reign supreme.

Greeneye dreams that eat little ideals, crawling in, replacing
the mind-
By night and day she confidently walks and smiles his beauty,
The One.

Greenbuck dreams stamped from the universal die-
Disguising, corrupting, crowding out all that remains.

Greenfaded dreams lie like once-precious ikons-
Now toppled in the street.

Green dreams of green days-
To discover again among the leaves the nest of a long-dead-
sparrow.

A LATE-DECEMBER POEM FOR A GONE-AWAY FRIEND

Perhaps it's just the season, Old Comrade,
But the tree-filled windows
And huge windfuls of snow
Blasting down out of Ontario
Have mentioned that you should be here.

Are things well in that far county?
Far from the country of the northbound river
And the guffaws of a younger day;
Far from the Tenth-Street pad-outs
And the horny midnights . . .

(Having found the actual Broadway, she finally married some kind of director. Came back last summer looking for you. She claimed that she still loved you. Did you know that?)

As the storm comes in, I wonder:
Do you remember the two stranger-boys
Who met in a Thirteenth-Street cafeteria?
How could they know that
As they spoke over bad chili
Of Asimov and his 1000-Year Plan
That their hands
 (on an altogether different plan)
Were reaching seven years
Into the future—
One to write checks of finest latex
The other
 past the pheasant-killing storms
 to write this poem.

Or the night when the triumvirate of cave-men,
Clad in jockstraps and potato-sacks
Appeared, and carried the screaming,

willing girls

Toward the locker rooms.

Brandished clubs

and bad poems

on the way out.

Or the stolen signs and

mad escapades

Into the interior dark night of the Fargo Theater?

And the girls—the sweet, improbable girls!
Slight flaxen queens
 of the budding breasts and exploratory lips . . .
The high-school Helens
 and study-hall Aphrodites
Refugees from South Dakota disaster farms
Whose favors were available
 for a verbatim quote

From "Ranch Romances."
 Wild-haired rides in '49 Buicks . . .
 The impossible songs . . .
 The bull sessions . . .

Where our laughter . . . bawdy, raucous . . .
Drowned out the clock; so loud
We couldn't hear the calendar
Tearing away away at its pages . . .

Earl and Homer are dead now.
And Mike went mad and hanged himself in the john.
The rest are all away.
 But you knew that didn't you?

I gaze past the moonblaze
At the place where the gang used to sit
Nightlong swapping stories and singing
 those crazy, impossible songs . . .

Was that you at the end of my guitar?
 (Sylvia said she saw you there that night in the
 Bison. Though for myself, I didn't notice. It was
 a good song . . . Later we were kicked out.)

The moon was greener then, and it was warmer.
The mosquitoes are gone now too,
 And someone has stepped on the cricket.

The snows have piled up so high in that place that
I think I'll wait

 And let the Spring thaws
 carry it away.

 . . . impossible songs . . .

Under the ice, the river still flows north
Toward Grand Forks
 Manitoba

 and Hudson's Bay.

There have been troubled waters, Companero.

But the river is deep

And the door of my house

 is not locked.

DEAD OF WINTER: A JANUARY POEM

Deep in the Valley of the Shadow of the North
The snowfields are burning at thirty below
In the moon's cold fire—burning a blue
That in the gnatswarming noon of another weather
 Was burning of the sun, bright on bulging water
 Was drifting in the wind and nuzzled the clouds of August
 far above the elders
 Was loving in the eyes, prismatic in the rain
 and caught, pure crystal, in the touseled dark of wind-tossed
 summer hair . . .

But all that has changed now.

Suns unto sorrows, burning unto banalities;
Water unto ice and lakes unto lack-a-days.
Drifting unto drifts, clouds unto crystals;
Nuzzlings unto nothingness and August unto January.
Loving unto leaving, eyes unto eyelessness;
Rain unto winereggs and hair unto heaviness:
The moultings of a buried season.

walking——

Walking toward life
 Life unto Death
 Death unto walking death
 Walking . . .
Walking through a corpse-land,
The ears coiling blood sings in my earmuffs.

FAUST'S SEARCH

"Goethe's Faust—in many ways the archetype of troubled modern man—possessed a hard-earned mastery of science, philosophy, and mathematics, yet we know of the sorry bargain that this tormented hero made with the powers of evil in his search for contentment."

Liebman, Joshua Loth, *Peace of Mind*, p. 7.

In the past few months, I have heard several times some variation of Liebman's statement above concerning the object of Faust's search as presented by Goethe. Some have called it a search for happiness. Some have called it a search for pleasure. Others, like Liebman, have called it a search for contentment. None of these terms adequately described Faust's own search for the absolute.

In the beginning, Mephistopheles says, in speaking to God (11. 303-5)*, that Faust is half aware of his foolishness: that he wants the highest stars from Heaven, and every highest desire from earth. Faust himself (11. 354 ff.) says that he has earned doctorates in the four fields of learning—philosophy, jurisprudence, medicine, and theology—and that of none of these, even theology, does he really "know" anything. He has the facts; he has the vocabulary; and he has the titles of intellectualism; but he knows that he cannot grasp what "right" is nor teach anything really to elevate mankind. He has even attempted alchemy: perhaps in magic one might find the secret of what holds the world together at its depths (11. 382-3), at its true heart. His search is this profound and this vague. It is, then, not a search for happiness nor contentment, but for a superhuman understanding of the absolute. Fully to be able to define the object of his search would be to have achieved it.

Whereas one finds it most difficult, if indeed not impossible, to determine dogmatically for what Faust was searching, it is more easily understood that some of the usually sought goals of mankind were not his. It is true that he was a scholar—perhaps unbelievably so, in that he held doctorates in all the branches of learning. He admits to himself that he is more astute than most people, even learned ones (11. 366-67), yet knows, grasps, comprehends nothing (1. 364). Learning, then, even knowledge itself, has become a frustration to him. What one might know is useless, and one cannot know the things which are truly necessary. (11. 1066-67). When Faust is talking with Wagner, his assistant, who zealously pursues words as if they were gods, one sees that Wagner has no understanding of Faust's basic drives, of his constant and intense search. In talking with the villagers, Faust deprecates the crowd's adulation (which has impressed Wagner), by saying that for as many of the ill who were cured by him and his father, countless more died of

*The references in this paper refer to Goethe's *Faust*, Part I: Text and Notes, by R-M. S. Heffner, Helmut Rehder, and W. F. Twaddel. D. C. Heath and Company, Boston, 1954.

their medications, which isn't too surprising since they were using bichloride of mercury as their wonder drug (11. 1034 ff.). Even though he at times did seek knowledge, the knowledge was for Faust to be a means, not an end.

Only when his search through knowledge led him to a traumatic confrontation with the *Erdgeist* (Earth Spirit) (11. 480 ff.) a confrontation which convinced him that even as an *Übermensch* he could never achieve that which he sought (and this recognition drove him to the edge of suicide (11. 720 ff.)—only then was his frustration so intense that Mephistopheles' offer could appear attractive or at least a diversion. Mephisto offers Faust great pleasures in a degree which no other man has ever tasted (11. 1672-74). Faust's immediate reply is to ask Mephisto what he knows truly of Faust's own yearnings (11. 1675 ff.) Faust says with no hesitation that these pleasures, to whatever degree offered or received, are empty and meaningless. He can agree to bargain with Mephisto at all, only because he has attempted communication in its deepest meaning with the *Erdgeist*, has met the *Erdgeist*, has been scorned by the *Erdgeist* as impertinent (11. 512-13), and as a result now feels a loathing for knowledge (1. 1749).

He finally agrees to serve Mephisto "over there" (1. 1660), if Mephisto can ever bring him to a moment in which he wants to remain (1. 1700). Having felt rejected by that which he most earnestly seeks, Faust becomes willing at least to attempt Mephisto's way. The wager between Mephisto and Faust has different meanings to the two. Mephisto seems really to believe that Faust cannot fail to enjoy and be content with earthly pleasure at its peak. Faust seems to know all along that following Mephisto's plan can never touch his own innermost soul. He can willingly enter into the wager, not only because he thinks he can win; but also, and more importantly to Faust, Mephisto's victory would be death for Faust (or his damnation, if you please) because of his very nature. (11. 1700—06). God had said to Mephisto at the beginning that man errs as long as he strives (1. 317), and Faust is so constituted that he must continually strive or die. In making the pact he feels, not joyful, lascivious anticipation of whatever Mephisto might offer, but rather, "What have I got to lose?" Even here, however, Faust shows his great intensity of drive and asks Mephisto that he be permitted to experience the heights, depths, and breadth of all human emotion (11. 1768-75). Again he is demanding the absolute—in pleasure as in knowledge, the means, not the end.

Closely associated with the concept of pleasure is that of happiness. If happiness for Faust may be defined as contentment in the sense of complacency, this is diametrically opposed to the eternal striving which was necessary for his continued existence. If, however, "happiness (or contentment) is to be understood as fulfillment (*Erfüllung*), this is perhaps more closely allied with the object of his search than are other concepts. Inflamed by the urges of his new-found youth, Faust is dramatically attracted to Woman (11.

2429 ff.), Gretchen being the most immediate personification. In his physical desire for her, his demands that Mephisto help with the seduction (ll. 2667, 2674, 2635-38) almost seem to show that he at last has yielded to the baser element in which Mephisto wallows. Filled with lust, Faust enters Gretchen's room, and is himself surprised that, bathing in the atmosphere of peace, order, and quiet which typifies Gretchen (ll. 2691-92), his lust resolves itself into wonder, compassion, and finally into love (ll. 2695-2724). Further, this emotion, to which Gretchen completely surrenders (ll. 3206, 3517-20) not only physically but also spiritually (ll. 3585-86), never truly engulfs Faust. Indeed the tragedy of Faust the lover is just that: he actually is aware that his feeling for Gretchen (whether called "love" or "passion" or "desire"—surely the name itself is unimportant to Faust (ll. 3456-57)* / is not the answer to his own search (l. 3277) and will certainly result in Gretchen's ruination (ll. 3352-61). By the time of the seduction itself, the entire affair has begun to be, not the exciting adventure originally promised (ll. 2603-04), but a somewhat unpleasant duty to be performed as soon as possible (l. 3363). A sense of duty again brings him to the prison (*Trüber Tag*, scene 25), where Gretchen herself in a lucid moment understands intuitively that something other than love has brought him. Fulfillment, then, in the usual sense of gratification of desire, also, along with knowledge and pleasure, leads Faust only deeper into, not out of, his frustration.

Faust's search may be closely identified with his never-ceasing striving. Any contentment, any pleasure, any learning should culminate for Faust in a climax in union with this indefinable absolute. Any goal which inadequately describes this unattainable yet necessary one also fails to state the true nature of his search.

*This passage actually refers to a name for God or a belief in God. I think it can also apply here.

ONE SUNDAY MORNING

Father Joseph heard the ringing of his alarm with the alertness of one who has slept little. The clock read 5:00 time for him to get up and prepare for the 6:00 Service. He could dimly remember when it was one of many Services and poorly attended, but now most people had to work Sunday and the church would be filled. He found himself wishing the Service could be later, but with so few Christians among the many . . . He quickly finished his morning ablutions and proceeded through the alcove to the church. Stopping in front of the chancel, he looked up to the great stained-glass window. It had been made when the pseudo-Gothic church was built. In that day there had been many Christians. The church was an anachronism among the modern buildings of the city, but he supposed he was an anachronism among the modern men. The morning was his favorite time of day; the sun bathed the window in a flood of red, recreating the resurrection on the window. "Our Father. . . ." He crossed himself and entered the sacristy. 5:45 the people would be coming soon. He heard the organist begin the prelude, "Ein Feste Burg." It was good to be one again, even if they were so few. He bowed to the Crucifix and began the vesting prayers. "In the Name of the Father. . . ." The altar boy helped him with his chasuble and took the Processional Cross. They proceeded to the altar, "In the Name of the Father . . ." He turned toward the altar for the Confession of Sins. A murmur which ran through the congregation told him something was out of order. As he began the Confession, he felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned to face a furious beribboned man. "You are summoned. A Christian has been defacing the Building of the Nations with his scribbling. He said you represent him." Father Joseph sighed. His people weren't even to get the comfort of the Eucharist this morning. "What was written?" "Some garble—it is not important." "What has He written?" The beribboned man handed him the summons and a paper which read, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin." A great blast burst forth, the great window above the altar shivered for a moment and was gone. Father Joseph smiled, took the Processional Cross and led his congregation into the street to greet the Morning.

A DISCOURSE ON MODERN ART: INDIVIDUALISM

"I create according to certain ideas which my spirit conceived."
—RAPHAEL

A discourse on modern art can be an ambiguous undertaking without sufficient knowledge or understanding of the definition of *modern*.

Just when did modern art begin? With the coming of the twentieth century? With impressionism, expressionism, cubism, or any of the other varied "isms" associated with today's civilization? With our generation? What is modern? Today? Yesterday? Tomorrow? Modern, as associated with art can be traced as far back as the fifteenth century, because in a sense the Modern Epoch stems from many attitudes expressed from medieval concepts of life which created a new and promising outlook for the people of western Europe.

Fortunately scholars can agree on the subdivisions of the Modern Epoch, each with its individual chronology of events and distinct characteristics. These begin with the Renaissance. Renaissance: a French word adapted from the Italian term "*rinascita*" meaning "rebirth"—the rebirth of man's awareness of his existence. Previously he was aware only of "B. C." and "A. D." The Renaissance was man's *cognizance* of his achievements. This was generally the period of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The second subdivision of the Modern Epoch includes the Post-Renaissance period, or that of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which includes the Baroque, Neoclassic and Romantic periods. These were movements, attitudes, and aims of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. These were the transitions that brought us to what we call the *Modern Period*, mainly the later nineteenth and twentieth centuries. These centuries are filled with movements, counter-movements, schools, isms, innovations, and so forth. And from these schools of thought we of today evolved.

Our study, realizations, acceptances or rejections have resulted in our concern with Expression, Fantasy, and Abstraction. Expression deals with the artist's concern for himself and his environment. The second exploits the imagination. The third, the formality involved in the structure of the work. These currents do not involve themselves with styles or "isms," but correspond to attitudes. They are not exclusive and often are interrelated. An artist may not follow a specific pattern but may combine his attitudes with his moods. In a work of art the artist records his thoughts, not concerning himself with any definite formality unless he has disciplined himself in such a manner. (This is more closely related to Abstraction than to any other "category." Abstraction, to the individual artist,

is a recording of what he sees through *his* eyes. And the individual mind varies greatly in perception, regardless of rigid outside bombardments upon it. This, of course, results in innumerable variations of interpretation.) Thus, even to the Abstractionist, no rigid "rules of order" are demanded and he may create quite freely and emotionally.

Emotion plays an important part in the art of creation. Without emotion one has no sense of feeling, and thus, no opinion. Without something upon which to base an inspiration an artist is lost in oblivion. (All inspirations are motivated, be it by a thoughtful approach or by a subconscious invention.) An artist's emotion is constantly being agitated by his environment and this is what I mean by having an opinion. One must feel something, being perpetually influenced by people, habitats, language, actions, and the many variations in life, and these occurrences certainly have an effect on an artist. An artist is generally, the product of his environment. Communicating his response to a situation, recording the events of his society, relating his interpretation of the universe, mankind, to his people, he is, in a sense, a mirror.

The artist, as an interpreter, has the privilege of individuality. The artist paints, imagines, writes as he pleases, and with no regrets. For the artist is truly an egoist. These conceptions of his environment are his and his alone. No one dictates to him what to create. He is creating for *his* needs and inspirations. One must bear in mind, however, that his motivations are encouraged by outward motivations, but society's needs for his work are only subordinate, according to the artist, to his personal satisfaction. If society wants to seek him out and understand what he is saying—granted. If not—granted. But let us not forget that the best artists in return affect society. A society in the course of its evolution calls upon the impetus of the artist for inspiration toward further evolution of its civilization. The contribution of his genius stimulates further movement and as a result, a constant forward motion takes place. Self is self, but at the same time we belong to our epoch and we react upon it.

The awareness of self is anything but recent. It is only made more apparent by today's spirit of liberty: Individualism, freedom, uninhibition, and so forth.

Many an artist has been considered crude, brutal and sometimes too personal by the uprighteous. This in truth proves the effectiveness of a good artist. The art is repelling only because it depicts what society would rather not be reminded of: itself in a true light. People do not care to see truth. They wish flattery. Thus, much of today's art is repulsive because of its frankness.

A good work of art reveals a whole host of thoughts, emotions, and sensations that may have been dormant within the viewer but have been agitated and brought to consciousness because of the art. But must this realization be brought about by imitative means? Should the representation of nature or reality be intentional? Our

minds must strive to comprehend the reason for forms and thoughts that represent nothing. The degree of representation is an artist's privilege but it is a patron's obligation to the arts to seek a reason or interpretation. In a work of art we do not wish to ascertain whether the work is true to nature or not; we seek its identity with ourselves. And if we can feel *with* the evoking thought (i. e., if it can convey its sense of excellence), then it is good and justified. For a truly great piece of art must leave one moved and anxious. It must be an experience, not just a moment. Every means is justified if the work is strong and noble. Yes, we have liberty but it is conditional on and conditioned by quality.

"The distinguishing feature of great beauty is that first it should surprise to an indifferent degree, which, continuing and then augmenting, is finally changed to wonder and admiration."

—Montesquieu

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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The keys were more than notes to him. . . .

. . . they were his friends.
He touched them tenderly,
and
from his fingers flowed
 strains of beauty.
. . . They were his partners
In a symphony.
. . . They were yielded to him
And at his bidding.

A thousand rustling leaves
play together in the wind:
 a cottonwood.
And others quiver in the faintest breeze,
almost dancing:
 willows.
Giving tiny shakes on gnarly
branches: here is oak.
And yonder almost fanning in
the gust: sycamore.

Each speaks wordlessly
its own response.

Sunshine!

I close my eyes in warm luxury
while beams dance and skip
yet give a steady sense of security
A comfortable feeling of knowing
the tingle in my fingertips
is the same as in my heart.
I have just seen my love!

Inspiration came quietly: soft
spring rains on a receptive earth.
Awe struck decisively: lightning
flashed over the pitch of night.
Quietness settled soothingly: doves
cooed a peaceful night song.
Joy burst forth: a new day broke.
A thought came unobtrusively: a kitten's
purr at a gentle stroke.
Love won my heart: sunshine after rain.

IT SANK QUIETLY, UNOBTRUSIVELY.

Some noticed.

Some did not.

Some paused only long enough to
flip the switch to replace
what was gone of sunlight day.

Some would rest now.

Others would toil on.

Others would just begin their labor.

Labor—over hot steel

or
newsprint
or
contracts
or
books.

It was all the same——labor,
toil,
unending work,

a cycle of perpetual motion
unending,
nervous,
nerve-wracking activity.

IN A FEW HOURS IT WOULD RISE.

Switches would flick off.

Other toilers would replace those
wearied by the night hours.

They would spend them selves in speed,
in speech,
in going,
in coming,
eating,
hurrying.

few would think,
few would pause.

EVEN IT NEVER CEASED ITS SHINING TASK.

MANY WAYS

The day was spent.
Carelessly by some,
Recklessly by some,
Hastily by all.

Some were richer,
Some more weary,
Others exhausted—completely.

A few could not carry on.
Most needed rest,
Some looked gladly ahead.

Some had learned.
Others never thought.
A few did not care.

Those words cut deeply
harshly
heedlessly . . .
“You can go alone.”
ALONE. . . .

The click of receding footsteps cut deeply too.
and
the stillness of the night,
the mocking light from a score of windows . . .
and
those heels,
stepping away into the night alone
and
leaving me ALONE also
not knowing what to think.
Just fearing that the end had come . . .
That one too many careless phrase
had slipped from my lips . . .
That one too many heedless attitude
had been revealed . . .
That I had killed what I myself
desired so much to preserve.

Forgive me?

Burning question of my heart
Long harbored hope
fringes anxiety.

A twinkle from your eye
Kindly glance or blush
or smile
or choose another way—
but answer.

Forgiveness . . .

gift of God
product of His gentle touch on man's heart,
worth the life of God's Own Son,
reuniter of those at odds,
sometimes difficult to give,
always worth it,
bringer of joy,
peace,
love,
eternal life!

A crushed heart . . .

broken, weeping, inconsolably
waiting,

Longing to be lifted

by the loved voice that left it there
alone . . .
to sob itself to numbness.

Strange to think . . .

that bleeding heart is
yearning most for that which broke it.

But love is strange . . .

beyond understanding,
beyond reason,

Always reaching out its arms

to gently caress that which will be caressed . . .
ready

to forgive and forget
and take back,
and laugh,
and live.

FIND OUT MOONSHINE

AN ANALYSIS OF MOON-IMAGERY IN A *MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM*

The predominant imagery of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is that of the moon and of moonlight. Diana, goddess of the moon, rules the action and confusion of the play.

The opening scene is crammed with moon-imagery; indeed, the opening speech of Theseus personifies her with regard to his approaching wedding:

... four happy days bring in
Another moon. But oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! She lingers my desires,
Like to a stepdame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue. (I, i, 3-6)

To this, Hippolyta advises patience, as within four short nights:

... the moon, like to a silver bow
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities. (I, i, 9-11)

With these two speeches, the theme of Luna is firmly established as being associated with nuptials, so far in the neutral capacity of on-looker. With Egeus' entrance speech, she assumes a more positive role, in the aiding and abetting of young lovers. Egeus charges that, in winning the love of his daughter Hermia, Lysander "hast by moonlight at her window sung (I, i, 30)." This tactic of enlisting Diana's aid has proven successful.

Diana, of course, is also goddess of chastity, and it is with this aspect of her being that Theseus threatens Hermia's future life if she refuses to wed Demetrius, foretelling that she must "live a barren sister all your life/Chanting faint hymns to the cold, fruitless moon (I, i, 72-73)." Theseus sets her a time limit:

... by the next new moon—
... either prepare to die ...
Or on Diana's altar to protest
For aye austerity and single life. (I, i, 83, 86, 89-90)

The lovers reject both alternatives offered to Hermia, instead choosing a third of their own—leaving the city of Athens at a time and in a situation where the moon will be most favorable to them:

Tomorrow night, when Phoebe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watery glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal ... (I, i, 209-212)

Upon such a time and with such a patroness, their chances seem good. But if the moon can be trusted, human beings assuredly

can not. Helena, in hopes of advancing her own cause of love, resolves to thwart the moon-governed elopement of Lysander and Hermia.

The second scene introduces Bottom and his fellow mechanicals. So far untroubled by love and little people, their first scene is likewise free from the swaying influence of Luna—in fact, Bottom goes so far as to declaim, in “a tyrant’s vein,” a speech concerning the moon’s exact opposite: “Phibbus’ car (I, ii, 37).” Only toward the end of the scene is foreshadowed the up-coming confusion when Diana shall take charge, as Quince insists that the group meet again to rehearse “by moonlight (I, ii, 104),” as he fears spectators, and does not know that in such circumstances they will have stranger spectators than any to be found in Athens.

With the second act, we enter the realm of the moon’s greatest power and are among the beings most closely in tune with the night and the moonlight: the fairies. One of them introduces himself as being “Swifter than the moon’s sphere (II, i, 6),” and Puck, King Oberon’s confederate, is, like the moon, a “merry wanderer of the night (II, i, 43).” The quarrel among fairy royalty—discord in the kingdom of Diana—is aptly summed up in Oberon’s terse greeting, in terms of Luna, to his queen: “Ill meet by moonlight, proud Titania (II, i, 60).”

This discord in the kingdom of the moon is, we learn, being severely punished by its sovereign:

No night is now with hymn or carol blest.
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound. (II, i, 102-105)

Titania refuses to give up the bone of contention, her Indian boy. It is worth noting that she and the mother of the child had invariably met and talked “by night (II, i, 124),” and yet were able to specify the sands as yellow and to mark merchant ships upon the ocean, indicating that there must have been considerable moonlight to enable so distinct a view of their surroundings.

Titania leaves for her “moonlight revels (II, i, 141),” and Oberon calls Puck to his side. He relates a memory of having seen “Flying between the cold moon and the earth,/Cupid all armed (II, i, 156-157),” whose arrow of love, “Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon (II, i, 162),” can now be put to good use.

Demetrius and Helena enter, and, reproved by the man upon whom she dotes, Helena answers by indirectly comparing his face to the moon as a bright thing in darkness—“It is not night when I do see your face (II, i, 221).” Again, this image is connected with love.

The first scene of the third act personifies and burlesques the influence of the moon by deeming it a dramatic problem “to bring the moonlight into a chamber, for you know Pyramus and Thisby

met by moonlight (III, i, 49-51)." "Find out moonshine, find out moonshine, (III, i, 55)," demands the practical Bottom, and, when assured that, "Yes, it doth shine that night (III, i, 56)," solves the problem matter-of-factly with "then may you leave a casement of the great-chamber window . . . open, and the moon may shine in at the casement (III, i, 57-59)." Thus we see that Diana shall influence the ludicrous love story of the mechanicals' play as surely as she does the tangled "real life" love affairs of Oberon, Titania, and the two Athenian couples.

Quince suggests that "one must come in . . . and say he comes to disfigure . . . the person of moonshine (III, i, 60-62)." Quince's malapropism is, of course, more succinct and accurate than the word he intended would have been.

After this unromantic interlude of "disfigured" moonlight comes a pseudo-romantic one of the ass-headed Bottom and the Cupid-bewitched Titania, who commands her servitors to "fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes (III, i, 176)" as a gesture of her love. The scene concludes with Titania's remark that

The moon methinks looks with a watery eye,
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower . . . (III, i, 203-204)

With all due respect to the Queen of the fairies, it seems much more likely that, at this state of affairs, Diana is smiling with rich amusement. However, the situation is now so confused that perhaps Diana's fondest wish would be merely to get away from her tangled kingdom, so that Hermia may not be far wrong in suggesting that

This whole earth may be bored, and that the moon
May through the center creep, and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes. (III, ii, 53-55)

Lysander, now impassioned by Helena, declares that she, like the moon, outshines all stars, with "Fair Helena, who more engilds the night/ Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light (III, ii, 187-188)." But eventually all couples are safely matched up, ending the first night's moon-madness.

There remains the wedding party and play, which the fairies promise themselves to attend as they leave: "Swifter than the wandering moon (IV, i, 102)." As Quince has suggested, one of the mechanicals—apparently Starveling—in the play of "Pyramus and Thisby,"

Presenteth Moonshine, for . . .
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
. . . to woo. (V, i, 137-139)

"Let us listen to the moon (V, i, 241-242)," suggests Theseus—even as, for five acts, the audience has also "listened to the moon." Hippolyta, as deaf to the message of Diana as she is ungracious to poor Starveling's, complains that "I am aweary of this moon. Would he would change! (V, i, 255-256)," and Theseus answers that Luna

"is in the want (V, i, 258)," as, indeed, she is: the play is nearing its conclusion and the reign of Diana upon the stage must soon reach its end. Even yet, it may be said that "the moon shines with a good grace (V, i, 272-273)," and "Pyramus" can declaim

Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams,
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright. (V, i, 277-278)

But within forty lines, the "dying Pyramus" commands "Moon, take thy flight (V, i, 310)," and the ensuing stage direction — "Exit Moonshine"—has about it almost a tinge of poignancy, as Diana's thespian deputy abdicates the realm of Luna's glorious nonsense. Theseus' penultimate speech—"Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead (V, i, 355-356)"—reminds us that moon and moonlight will always return, and will outlast the spans of lovers as surely as Moonshine survives the lovers' "deaths" in the play-within-a-play; but this line has all the finality of an epilogue for, so far as this play is concerned, Luna returns no more. Puck — creature of night, creature of Diana's realm—instead takes it upon himself to bring the audience back to the often-harsh light of day, from the moon-soaked and moon-ruled kingdom of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

ODE TO GENESIS

So vast, so diversified, yet so gloriously all the same
With the brilliance of sands washing over endless horizons,
With the damp cathedral cool of dense living foliage closed in,
With the heady proud glaciers surveying a world-bed of clouds,
With the roaring silver spraying surf bearing an aquatic
kaleidoscope,
Of you, mighty you — was I born.

So abundant, so individualistic, yet so harmoniously one in action
With the soaring stalking listening creatures embroidered on
your quilt,
With the sparkling jewels of water racing around your curves,
With the imagining hopeful striving children in your arms,
With the deep contrasting skies of color crowning your face,
Of you, memorable you, loving you — was I born.

So to you, with warm emotion and tender care
With the satisfying joy that intimately I have known you,
With the flaunting delight that beautiful memories are eternal,
With the steadfast knowledge that strong will is unbending,
With the faith that the mirage is truly you,
To you, and to you alone, I will return.

—cps

You enter the cryroom.

So there it is. A steel box: enameled white, marbled gold, with the lid rolled up. In the cryroom.

Casket in the church overnight, my child? Highly unusual, you know. Never have done that at St. Stephen's.

Please, Monseigneur. He hated funeral homes. I want everything to be right for him just once.

My child, but where? The church has no accommodations. Ah, of course. The cryroom. Would that be all right? Nowhere else, really. Yes, my child . . .

send him to the cryroom, this baby who makes no sound . . .

We won't disturb early mass if we use the cryroom. Yes. My child.

. . . died a few minutes after being struck by a car at 6:50 p.m. Saturday at Orange Avenue near Tehachapi Drive . . . The Rosary will be recited at 8:00 p. m. Tuesday and Mass will be sung at 9:00 a.m. at St. Stephen's Church. The funeral rites will be directed by Scheelar's Mortuary.

And the phone. What does your face show? You only remember how it felt. Eyes closed, no tears. Your face feels stretched, like a hook dug beneath your scalp and then pulled. Why stretched? You say nothing. Only listen to the herald: a voice of tears and a voice of ashes. Deep, quiet and forlorn: and you listen . . .

crossing a street, carrying scrap lumber.
And good-bye.

Saturday night and six days before Christmas.

You enter the cryroom. The folding chairs are in disarray: they've made room. White and gold and a hundred carnations. White. It has been a year and a half. And three days. Plane reservations are hard to get near Christmas. Mr. Scheelar slips silently out; he does it so well that you notice him very much. Why did he have to come? You wonder where he put the key.

Yes, my child. But you see we always close the casket immediately after the rosary. Highly unusual to open it the morning of the funeral.

But Dave is coming. He must see him once more. I know he'll want to. I want everything to be just . . .

Yes, my child. Mr. Scheelar, could you return tomorrow morning at 8. Funeral's at 9, you know? You will open the coffin. Thank you. My child.

Why is he here? You could have opened the lid. Or was it locked? Do they lock caskets? Why. No one would want in. And he doesn't want . . . Why do you stand at the door. You cannot see him unless you step closer, and that is what you came here

for. You have five minutes and it's been a year and a half. And three days. Move over to him. Why do you stare at the steel box.

His mother is caressing his face. Is she smiling? His father stands there, staring. Alone. The mother is caressing his face.

Go one step. You're still safe. Two steps more and his chin is visible, and for this you quit your job . . .

. . . Only a friend? No, we're very sorry. It's too bad. These things happen. But this is the Rush you know. No, we will need you. Only a friend? So close to Christmas. No, you cannot get off. We are sorry, though . . .

Then let yourself be convinced of the banal fact that life goes on and that you can get used to anything.

Then look: and so you make your move. One moment, and your eyes fill. Blow your nose. Blowing your nose makes you all right, for another moment, and another glance. Tears: turn your back, blow your nose and wipe your eyes.

Dave, we're going out now. You can stay here as long as you want to. We'll wait outside for you.

Thanks, Mary.

God is good. Now you can cry in peace. But you don't. What was in his mother's eyes when she took her lips from her boy for the last time. What was in his father's soul when he said goodbye, son. You didn't see. You were looking at the steel box: white and gold.

And this is all? Two thousand miles to see this: a boy who lived with your parents on the farm, because his parents thought it would help him. A boy who loved everything not respectable. Grease and motors, noise and dirt. Whose father loved him, whose mother lived for him. And you. Five years older. You now a new man and this boy still a boy, who you understood, and though he never told you, you sensed that he knew your understanding.

No this is not what you came to see: it's all there below you in the steel box. Perfumed dissolution: the Temple of the Holy Ghost. But the Temple is empty. No, not empty. Hollowed out by the autopsy and stuffed with cotton. Like a bruised doll.

But smile: you recognize immediately: they could wipe away the blood that trickled out of your mouth and ran in multiplying tributaries into the folded black rainjacket your friend had placed under your head: a river in reverse. And twelve hours later they could go back and search and find your shoes in the street, and they put them back on just the way they should be . . . whose feet are so calloused because he would never wear shoes except for school and when mother made him . . . and they could close those defiant eyes, because defiant eyes are bothersome even in death. And they could sew your mouth shut, because for the first time

you wouldn't argue about it: they could stop the river in reverse and clean the tributaries off your cheeks. They could make everything clean: but they could not by stitching change the challenging grin formed always only at the corners of your mouth. Only very slight, but perceptible.

Recognizing, smile: your head and your hands are bruised and black and they couldn't cover it up. There is some blood left, hard and black, but blood.

You place your warm hand on top of his. Why do they fold his hands into that absurd position. Only old men entwine their right hand with their left and plop it on their paunch. And a rosary in his hand. Why didn't they use a wrench instead, or some grease. God how he loved grease. Notice the temperature. What is the temperature of the dead. Room temperature. But the room is hot.

The face. It's been a year and a half. And three days. Looks old for his age. Old. His lips were never thick before, nor his nose so crooked . . .

. . . died a few minutes after being struck by a car at 6:50 p.m. Saturday at Orange Avenue near Tehachapi Drive . . . The Rosary will be recited at 8 p.m. Tuesday and Mass will be sung at 9 a.m. Wednesday at St. Stephan's Church. The funeral rites will be directed by Scheelar's Mortuary . . .

crushed. And your forehead is still high, even more defiant than when last . . . bruises. Two bruises. Half of your forehead. Black. Blood. They couldn't get it. God, oh God. Let me remember. Let me think something profound. No. Only the bruises are profound. Not the rest: they've hollowed him out and filled him with cotton. You know, because his uncle told you. He had pressed his hand on your chest and stomach. And it was soft. Cotton soft. If they had to stuff you, why didn't they use your wrenches. You hated soft things; you were still fighting to become hard. Soft things would come later. Only the bruises are profound. Not your face, not your hands. Not that vulgar ruffled silk. White. God oh God why white. You could never keep your tee-shirt white. Not an hour. God oh God grease grease everywhere never white never. Foam rubber. Surrounded by foam rubber covered by ruffled silk. Hated soft things. White coffin. And gold. Marbled effect. Effect. Effect. Effect. White. Grease. Black but still blood. Profound bruises. Three of them, or four. Two on your head, one on your hand, or two: your hands are entwined like an old man's, can't see the other hand never folded his hands that way never. Effect.

And the cryroom. Folded chairs pushed aside, shoved out of the way in total disarray. Couldn't they have taken the chairs out? Couldn't they have put them in a neat row . . .

Highly unusual, my child. Quite . . . and that window. A plateglass window. For the mothers with crying babies to look out and watch . . .

Don't disturb anyone that way—sound-proofed, you know. Yes, every modern church out here is built with a cryroom. Quite . . .

Plateglass. For the mothers to look out . . . the mothers to look in. Look in . . . Smile almost imperceptibly, no one can hear you cry . . . white and gold, marbled . . . Look in. The window . . .

. . . rushed and got a good place at the window . . . was close to him and could see in . . . Bible under his head, and opened another one and spread it on his breast; but they tore his shirt open first, and . . . seen . . .

cotton. White cotton. Even the seeds removed . . .

. . . squirming and pushing and shoving to get at the window and have a look . . .

Effect.

. . . highly unusual, my child. Always close it after the . . .

You smile, almost imperceptibly, but you smile. You have won. Good boy . . .

You enter the cryroom. Insane. The cryroom. The baby will not cry. He's a cotton doll. Only the mother cries. And me. The father stares. But they're gone. Only me . . .

. . . don't disturb anyone that way — sound-proofed, you know . . .

Cry baby cry oh cry God no don't. Don't move please don't breathe . . . am frightened, why. Friend: you are frightening: only now: never before. No. Not you. The white ruffled gold plated glass window steel box smell smell smell . . . rosary. Run leave here . . . insane.

Grease. Bruise. Stare at the bruise. Breathe deeply again, slower. It's all right. Cotton. Doll. But bruised. Dirty. They couldn't get it . . .

It's time.

Lean over. Further. Further. Closer. Moves? No. On his forehead, but only on his bruise. Not the rest. Soundless. But a kiss. Blink your eyes faster, blow your nose, move toward the door. Look back. Only his hands. No not yet. Go back. Touch his hands even with the rosary, wish for grease. You've said good-bye. Why do you bend down again. Straighten up while you can . . . Again: lingering a moment more than before and then you move away. Twice. You kiss him twice. You have never kissed him before. Now you tell him you love him. No. You love the bruises. Not the rest. They have contaminated the rest. Love . . . like grease, not like the rosary. He was your friend.

That summer you shook his hand when he left, told him to be a good little . . . slapped him on the shoulder . . . then why do you

kiss him now . . . why not slap him on the shoulder like before and smile almost imperceptibly and say you've won, you little . . . you beat them. And then leave. Why did you lean over and touch your lips to that clammy perfumed hollow . . . he refreshes my soul . . . a friend you never thought about until six days before Christmas and now you will never forget. Friend: a gesture of thanks. Smile almost imperceptibly, recognizing . . . our bodies are pressed to the earth . . . but they are bruised. Friend: why are you asleep . . . why do you hide your face . . . forgetting our oppression: never. He refreshes my soul.

Raise your hand to your face. Cover it. Smell. That smell. It is on me. Wipe it off . . .

. . . don't touch it, you'll only rub it in . . .

They put it on his hands and they put it on his face. They contaminated him made him smell soft; they hollowed him out and filled him with cotton. But they could not cover the bruises . . . out damn . . . but they couldn't. So leave on the perfume, let it make you sick, let the nausea come: it couldn't cover the blackness and it won't stay with you. Perfume: let it affirm you. Disgusting and rotten, worse than urine left overnight in a toilet bowl, but it cannot hurt us; it can make us smell like them but it cannot make us look like them. We live, you and I. Our bodies are pressed to the earth and they reek of cheap and enveloping and nauseous perfume, but we have our bruises and they are forever sweet. They tried but they couldn't. And for that you have triumphed and for that I love you . . .

Good-bye, my friend: Wisdom in a cryroom. Affirmation in bruises that refuse to be whitened, that are dirty behind the perfume. And so you kiss him: twice. Once in thanksgiving. You blow your nose and blink your eyes and walk away. But that is not enough: you turn at the door and return once more. Not to say farewell; that has been done. You touch your lips to the good blackness, and linger a moment longer: and receive the grace and make your pledge: for the Temple was not quite empty.

LI PO, POET OF THE T'ANG DYNASTY

Li Po lived during the early middle years of the T'ang dynasty. The first of these years were the height of the dynasty. They were marked by order, relative peace, and stability. During Li Po's lifetime it was very desirable for a man of letters to have a position within the civil service of the empire. Not only was this the most common manner in which a man of letters earned his living, but one was a social non-entity without some sort of title to place behind his name. In order to obtain a position in the civil service, the passing of certain examinations was necessary. First one took examinations in the provincial capital, then, if one passed these, one went on to take the final examinations in the national capital. If these were also passed, one was allowed to take a position within the civil service. It was also possible for provincial governors to send a limited number of "exceptional individuals" to the national capital for direct examination, thus bypassing the usual provincial examinations. There were also certain "civilian positions" which were filled by patronage of the great lords and generals. There was a good deal of intrigue surrounding the filling of these positions.

In 751 A.D. defeats on the frontier by the "barbarians" and famine conditions at home prompted a certain retrenchment of policy and a general panic among the politicians and poets. This was quite discernable in Li Po's writing as he changes mood from light and lilting to somber and heavy verse. After 755 A.D., China was beset by revolts and famine conditions within, and heavy attacks from the "barbarians" without.

Li Po was born outside of China. However, from the age of five to that of nineteen he was brought up in the border state of Szechwan. He seems to have been Taoist from birth, (Lao-tzu was the supposed founder of the Li clan) although he devoted some time to the study of Buddhism in his early adulthood. He says he began writing his poetry (*fu*) at the age of fourteen. His earliest datable *fu* was written at the age of fifteen. At the age of nineteen, he received a compliment from the ex-chief minister. After this he constantly compared himself favorably with the greatest poets, philosophers, and statesmen of his age. Soon after, he left his family to live with hermits in the hills. He was offered to be sent by the governor of his province to the capital as an "exceptional person." He refused. He spent the next months acting as a knight errant, redressing wrongs to minors and widows after the fashion of the vendetta which, strictly speaking, was illegal, but was regarded as a duty by the Confucists.

The next period of his life was one of the many periods of wandering during which a good deal of time was spent in dissipation. Li Po's moral life was hardly exemplary. He does, however, meet the

Taoist master Ssu-ma Ch'eng-cheng. He learned from the master more of Tao and wrote his poem, "The Great Roc and the Rare Bird." This work is representative of his immaturity and does not reach the heights of his later poems.

The rest of Li Po's life was spent largely in wandering looking for a position, experiences, study, or any combination of the three. In the process he was married four times. His first wife, Miss Hsu, had a daughter and a son, Bright Moon Slave. We know his wife died young. Probably his son also died young as Bright Moon Slave is his "milk name" and Li Po never mentions his adult name. (The "milk name" is the name of a boy until he comes of age, at which time his name is changed.) Li Po next married Miss Liu. They parted, probably by mutual consent. His third wife was a lady of Lu. Nothing further is known of her except that she bore him a son, Po-li, who Li Po loved much and mentioned in several poems. His fourth marriage was to Miss Tsung who probably survived him. These marriages had no noticeable effect on his wandering with the exception of providing him with a partial means of support.

At this point it might be well to consider the finances of Li Po throughout his lifetime. Until he was married for the first time, he seems to have been supported by his family, many of whom were high officials. After his marriage he was supported by his various wives' relatives, his friends, his relatives and the infrequent commissions and positions he held. The latter were so infrequent as to be almost negligible from the standpoint of economics. Although he rarely earned money, he was not only able to maintain a luxurious standard of living; he boasts of the gifts which he gave to impoverished young grandees. We can only draw the conclusion that he must have had very generous relatives and friends.

In following Li Po's life there is one factor which was outstanding for the period. He was the only literary figure who did not take the civil service examinations. This was probably due to his lack of knowledge. Besides the ability to write verse in the style of the time, which Li Po could have certainly done, it was necessary to have a grasp of the Confucian Classics, and politics and economics. The first of these required some years, or at least months of drudgery in which Li Po, in all probability, did not indulge; the latter two were usually picked up in the course of serious discussion in which his circle of riotous friends did not indulge. These requirements still held, although to a lesser extent, after the Edict of 741 which allowed a candidate to take examinations based mainly on the Taoist texts rather than the more traditional Confucian texts. This was also why he refused the appointment as an "exceptional person." As far as patronage was concerned, he was a great risk to the patron. The patrons were responsible for the conduct of those they appointed and Li Po's drunkenness made him a great risk. It seems that once, when copying a military order when drunk, he afterwards revealed the contents at a party. This resulted in the cancellation of the

promise of a high position. He was most probably undermined by his enemies, but he seems to have provided a great deal of material about which for them to talk.

The most brilliant dimension of Li Po's poetry is the imagery. The following are excerpts from his poems which express the three types of poetry which Li Po wrote for the most part.

To Commissary Yüan,

"At that feast our spirits soared to the Nine Heavens,
But by evening we had scattered like the stars or rain . . .

And should you ask how many were my regrets at parting—
They fell on me thick as the flowers that fall at Spring's end."

Answering a Layman's Question,

"I smiled and made no reply, for my thoughts were idling on
their own;

Like the flowers of the peach-tree borne by the stream, they
sauntered far away"

From a Polite Note of Thanks to a Clerk in the Office of the Prefect,

"See how their gills suck and puff, their fins expand
Lashing against the silver dish as though they would fly away"

From Fighting South of the Ramparts,

"Crows and hawks peck for human guts,
Carry them in their beaks and hang them on the branches of
withered trees"¹

The first two quotations are from the earlier period when life was prosperous in China. The third is taken from a letter of thanks to an official who has done Li Po a favor. A man was often judged socially by the quality of his "thank you" notes, thus many of these letters are among the gems of the T'ang poets. The last quotation is from a poem after the troubles in China have started. The change of mood in Li Po's work is, I believe, clearly discernable and is quite characteristic of the stages of his poetry. Li Po was sensitive to his environment to the extent that he caught the change of spirit from the height of brilliance of the T'ang to the confusion and conflict which came about from both the internal and external disasters of the later T'ang period.

¹These quotations and most of the biographical material for this article are taken from Arthur Waley's *The Poetry and Career of Li Po*.

ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE

It burbled tingle-willy
To the Surface
And laughed across my wrist to
Lemming danger-lost to the
Thirsty-savage carpet fibers

See that window on the first floor?
You could reach in and lift the shade.
And a little later, after the shade
 is all the way up, and if she knows
 what you're doing or if she doesn't
You could edge your way in
And capture her.

As a century has many years
So a woman has many lovers.
The years come one at a time,
Each in its time.
Such is the law of love.

Now I wait for the spring.
The rosebush has perished
 and the ground is hard.
My tears will water the mellow
 pumpkins, but the winter
 snows will numb my heart.
I will wait.
Then new spring will blossom
 into a long summer or
 perhaps a short one.

The sky feels shiny.
I know, because I touched it
 yesterday.
Then a ragged edge slid under
 my finger.
Soon the swelling cloud filled
 my hand
And I couldn't touch the sky
 today.

I hear you chanting and calling me.
Why don't you let me answer?
Do you want me to answer?
Or do you want people to hear you
chanting and calling someone
who will not answer?
Maybe you think they will have
sympathy for you.
But maybe they, too, will know
you are chanting and calling
your own name.

SHE GOT MARRIED NEXT YEAR

So she took the locket—
A heart-shaped locket—
And put it on her window
sill
So she could make a wish.
The next day she vanished
so brilliantly
That she fairly glowed.

First love is a rosebush in bloom.
Physical love is the ocean
caressing the sandy shore.
Marital love is the rock expanding
and concentrating in the sun and
snow.

I've never felt a rock fluctuate.
I almost went to the sea shore but
I can't swim in deep water.
And once I thought I saw a rosebush
bloom, but when I got close
enough to pick a blossom,
I found it dead.

NATIONALISM—OUR NEW RELIGION?

Western civilization became divided into numerous parochial states, whose citizens by the twentieth century have discarded the Christian "Brotherhood of Man" concept. People of the same cultural background, that is of Western civilization, have come to regard themselves as unique, emphasizing small differences rather than universal traits so that people of like peculiarities group together because of their differences, proclaim their superiority. Each little group then regards other Westerners as foreigners or worse—certainly not as Christian brothers. This phenomenon is ascribed to the rise of nationalism, and rightly so. It can best be explained by defining nationalism, analyzing its four phases and demonstrating that today nationalism is increasing its fold as a new religion at the expense of Western Civilization's traditional religion—Christianity.

Nationalism, as defined by Hans Kohn, a universally recognized authority on the subject, is "first and foremost a state of mind, an act of consciousness, . . . the individual's identification of himself with the 'we-group' to which he gives supreme loyalty." By definition, a nationalist owes his loyalty not to himself, his fellow man, or his God, but to the omnipotent state. A working definition which gives a larger view of our subject is the following, presented by Louis L. Snyder:

Nationalism is a condition of the mind, feeling, or sentiment of a group of people living in a well-defined geographical area, speaking a common language, possessing a literature in which the aspirations of the nation have been expressed, being attached to common traditions, and in some cases, having a common religion.

The unification period of nationalism was from 1815 to 1871. Previous to 1815, there existed, notably in England, a humanitarian nationalism. Nationalism rose with the middle class, as accurately observed by Karl Marx, after the Industrial Revolution of the 1600's. England, as the leader of industrialization, led the way in the evolution of nationalism. Other European states were quick to follow suit and strengthen themselves with the spirit of nationalism. England achieved complete national unity by the following: the supremacy of her parliament which enabled the people to participate in government as higher authorities than the king; the growth of the cabinet system from the reign of George I until it finally became responsible to the Parliament and therefore to the people; and the expansion of suffrage through a series of reform acts beginning in 1832 and culminating in 1911 with the Parliamentary Act, which eliminated the property restrictions for voters.

France underwent a similar metamorphosis beginning in 1789, but it began with an outburst of radical Jacobin nationalism. Rousseau, who was the most influential literary inspiration of the revolu-

tion, was the first Westerner to expound a systematic theory of nationalism. French nationalism, unlike English humanitarian nationalism, was strengthened by state education under Napoleon and was given a fanatic tinge by the pathological stigma of defeat in the Napoleonic Wars and the Franco-Prussian War. The Third French Republic suffered a new wave of nationalism in 1848, though milder than in 1789, with the February Revolt against Louis Philippe. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte became president, dictator, and finally emperor, the people again rallied behind the name of a national hero, as the French now rally behind General DeGaulle.

Germany evolved from a federation of states under the leadership of the Hohenzollerns of Prussia and the shrewd diplomacy of Count Otto von Bismark. Supported by the philosophies of Hegel and Fichte, German nationalism resulted in the most radical form of integral nationalism—the exclusive pursuit of the goals of the state under Hitler.

Likewise, the Austro-Hungary Empire was unified under the Dual Monarchy into the “ramshackle empire” of the Hapsburgs. The empire was important, since it spread Western nationalism into the Balkans which erupted in 1918 with a series of social revolutions, each large or dominant linguistic populace striving for nationhood.

Peter the Great unified Muscovy into a state with a spirit of nationalism which he purposely imported from the West when he brought Western Technology to Russia. Russian nationalism first became noticeable in the age of reform during the reign of Alexander II—largely inspired by Napoleon’s invasion. Alexander III repealed many of the reforms because of skepticism following the Polish Revolt in 1863, but nationalism grew until the monarchy came into its own in a series of revolts following Russia’s humiliating defeat in the Russo-Japanese War in 1905. Numerous radical parties, the most famous being the Bolsheviks, waved the banners of nationalism until 1917, when Nicholas II was deposed and murdered. With the adoption of Communism, a Western ideology which is really a Christian heresy (as it is an indictment against Western Christianity for having failed to live up to its ideals and as it replaces the worship of God with the worship of the State), Russia had as its ultimate goal internationalism without God. Today Communism has not adhered to the entire doctrine of Marx and Engels, but Russia is also under the influence of nationalism.

Italy was united under the leadership of Mazzini, Cavour and Garibaldi. Victor Emanuel II of Sardinia became Italy’s first king after a long bitter struggle. Italian nationalism, in the guise of Fascism, paralleled the Nazi nationalistic movement in Germany, and ended in disaster under Mussolini.

The United States inherited from England a tradition of Liberal nationalism, inspired by Locke and John S. Mill. Marshall embodied nationalism into law with three famous Supreme Court decisions: *McCullock vs. Maryland* in 1819 when he decided that the people

were sovereign (with the Federal government as their representative) rather than the States; *Cohen vs. Virginia* in 1821 when he demonstrated that the United States was an indivisible nation which was responsible for its citizens; and *Osburn vs. United States* in 1824 when Marshall declared that Federal law was above State law, thus making the people aware of their unity in one nation. After 1812, nationalism had begun to grow, and it was encouraged by the rise of strong executive leadership, first noticeable in Andrew Jackson. After 1865, nationalism gained vigor until it reached an intense fervor as exemplified by the Roosevelts.

Many of the superficial states in the West broke into smaller geographical units more compatible with linguistic groups between 1871 and 1900, because by that time, nationalism was firmly established. This was a period of dis-unification for nationalism—the best examples being the Balkan revolutions, the split of the Dual Monarchy, and perhaps the Polish Revolt against Russia.

From 1900 to 1918, most Western nations were stable and were realizing their capabilities; they became aggressive. This was the age of imperialism, initiated by King Leopold III of Belgium, who exploited Central Africa.

The world was carved up, most Western nations taking their share. Dumping grounds were needed for Western exports and these states needed places which could be exploited for raw materials, but nationalism was the strongest motive behind expansion. Even the United States had its "Manifest Destiny" which presented nationalistic goals with the appeals of religion. God had supposedly pre-ordained these conquests as a divine mission, holy war, crusade or anything but what it really was—the profit motive glorified by the nationalistic spirit.

A phase called "New Nationalism" now envelops the West, and has since 1918. It still uses the philosophies of Fichte, Hegel, Rousseau, and Locke and is as militant as ever. Westerners have come to accept nation-ism or statehood as the natural thing, although history of other civilizations does not substantiate the validity of this contention. Nationalism has become a sentiment, rationally defined by its prophets, the nationalistic philosophers of the 1800's, and like religion, nationalism is a psychological and sociological fact. Mass persuasion is not needed anymore; the fact is merely accomplished by birthright. Nationalism is a historical process, and although it is abstract and non-material, it is none-the-less militant and does have reality. But unlike Christianity, nationalism glorifies what is unique, different, so other Westerners are regarded as foreigners—not as Christian brothers. Now to define the status of nationalism today, and its relation to the average Westerner.

From the above brief historical sketch of the four phases of nationalism, growth, dis-unification, aggressive nationalism, and new nationalism, it is obvious that nationalism has evolved at the expense of religion, because Christianity by its nature is committed

to an internationalist outlook, but its adherents are nationalists. From the beginning of its rise, nationalism has opposed Christianity—since nationalism is the worship of collective human power, clearly derived from Christianity's earliest and most formidable adversary, man-worship. Both nationalism and man-worship challenge the Christian conviction that man is not the greatest spiritual presence in the universe and that the true end of man, his purpose in life, is to place himself in harmony with the greater presence—God. The Renaissance was not only a revival of classical art, but a political revival following the Greek prototype in which worship of the city-state was transferred to the nation-state. The worship of Leviathan (collective human power in an omnipotent state, so named by the English philosopher Thomas Hobbes) led to the struggle between Papacy and the Holy Roman Emperor, Frederick II, the Babylonian captivity when the church was at the mercy of France, and the Great Schism which was caused by French and Italian rivalry within the Church.

Although the Papacy defeated the Conciliar Movement (which tried to make the Church a federal government) it was unable to prevent the Reformation, the nemesis of the Conciliar Movement's failure. Nationalism was active in the Reformation, as it was in the Protestant-Catholic Wars of Religion which followed. The Reformation was, according to Arnold Toynbee, author of the monumental *A Study of History*, "a progressive reaction in the West, first against the Papacy, then against the Catholic Church, and then against Christianity itself."

A secularizing movement spread through Western civilization along with the rise of science and technological progress, both of which were hastened, as they now are, by nationalistic competition. At first, the secularization was to rid Western society of its religious fanaticism, but the fanaticism was merely transferred from religion to nationalism. Today, the surviving features of the Christian way of life are no longer our civilization's distinctive features. Toynbee states that the distinctive feature of Western Civilization to the non-Westerner is obviously its technology, whereas to the Westerner it is probably the sacredness of the individual's civil rights. Christianity has even been rejected in China and Japan, largely because of its affiliation with nationalism. In fact, nationalism has made more converts than has Christianity among non-Westerners because nationalism was imported with Western technology in spite of non-Western statesmen's efforts to take a minimum dose of Western culture. But technology is easier to accept than is a new religion—especially if the religion is noted for its aggressive, hypocritical actions as was Christianity when introduced during the age of imperialism. Indeed, Westerners have treated Christianity as subject to nationalism, almost as a local religion despite the remarkable declaration of the universality of Christianity by Pope Pius XI which was made in reply to Mussolini's account of history which postulates that the world owes thanks to Italy alone for the propagation of Christianity. Nationalistic movements have purposely tried to make religion sub-

servient to the state. From 1875 to 1914, anti-clericalism accompanied French nationalism. Bismark gave the German anti-clerical movement the pretentious name "Kulturkampf" or "struggle for civilization" between 1872 and 1886. The conflict between the Papacy and Italian nationalists was not settled until 1929. Christianity is still identified with countries—Spain and Catholicism, England and Anglicanism, Norway and Lutheranism and Switzerland and Calvinism. In theory at least, Christianity appears to have been displaced in a historical process by nationalism as the leading Western ideology. The worship of Leviathan comes before God, and some say that science also compares higher than religion as distinctive traits of Western civilization.

Many will declare this theory invalid but possibly because they do not realize the entire situation. But everyone can see at least small manifestations of this phenomenon of nationalism as a religion. It takes no stretch of the imagination to parallel the "Pledge of Allegiance" to the "Lord's Prayer." Is Lincoln's Memorial so unlike the Temple of Athena or the shrine of a saint? Is a trip to Washington, D. C. so different to some people from a pilgrimage to Rome, Canterbury or the Holy Land? Is the respect given to the Arc of Triumph so incomparable to the awe inspired by the Cathedral of Notre Dame? Is it so incredible that many Westerners give donations to the veterans, national shrines, or public institutes as an act of charity with religious motives? Is the emotion some people feel when they hear the "Star Spangled Banner" so different from the emotion a pious Christian might feel when listening to "A Mighty Fortress is Our God" or "Ave Maria"? Do we automatically respond as Christians as readily as we respond as Americans, or as another nationality? Can it be denied that secular individual happiness is pursued as an end in itself by many people? How can a Christian reconcile the fact that in both World Wars chaplains of all denominations gave spiritual comfort to the soldiers on both sides of the line, assuring them that God was on their side? Indeed, nationalism not only uses Christianity by claiming for itself a divine sanction from above, but even invades the sanctuaries of Christianity. The nation is an object of worship which makes God an executive of the will of the people. Tonybee sums up the situation rather well:

In any part of the Western World today one may be confronted with the spectacle of the local national flag—a symbol of the idolatrous worship of some local state—being carried into a Christian Church, and sometimes one even sees the Cross and the national flag being carried in church in the same procession. Whenever I see that, I find myself filled with foreboding. Here are two rival religions: traditional Christianity and neo-paganism. They are irreconcilable with one another, and each of them is armed with the fanaticism derived from the Christian and Jewish past. In the inevitable war to the death between them, which one of them is going to win? For how long can they continue to co-exist?

By briefly reviewing the rise of nationalism, scrutinizing its past anti-Christian character, and questioning the merit of its status in present day Western civilization, I hope to have encouraged you to

face the problem of religion versus nationalism. It is a pragmatic problem, not wholly theological, which relates to everyone the need, not for a fanatical rejuvenation of Christianity, but a re-adjustment of personal values which could soothe the radical side of nationalism which has brought upon us the threat of total annihilation. Nations are ruled by men, making international relations highly speculative, as powerful men are ruled by honor. What is honor? Only living up to a code set by one's values and since most values are culturally orientated, the code relies on the public—even if the public consists of the non-partisan in a world of partisan interests. In other words, it is up to the citizenry to uphold religion as a guiding force of government by making Christianity as militant as nationalism. Then perhaps the fanatical spirit within nationalism which has been expressed in the past six decades can be tempered. George Santayana's maxim, "Those who will not learn from history are doomed to repeat it," has become trite, but many intellectual circles in the United States have applied this formula to people with whom the American people identify. We remain foreigners to other Westerners as long as they are foreigners to us. Neither group is considered part of the Christian brotherhood. There is a lesson to be learned from the past, for those willing to learn it. Perhaps a very good way to begin would be to ask yourself, "Is nationalism my new religion?"

Sources of useful information and ideas include:

1. **World Civilizations, Their History and Their Culture**, Volumes I and II, by Dr. Edward McNall Burns and Dr. Phillip Lee Ralph.
2. **The Dynamics of Nationalism, Readings in Its Meaning and Development**, by Dr. Louis L. Snyder.
3. **Christianity Among the Religions of the World**, by Dr. Arnold Toynbee.
4. **The West and the World**, by Dr. Arnold Toynbee.
5. **The Trial of Civilizations**, by Dr. Arnold Toynbee.
6. Lectures delivered by Dr. John W. Smurr at Moorhead State College.

ON REVISIONS: OR WHAT PROFESSIONAL HISTORIANS REALLY DO DO

Scarcity of news was not a problem. A pitchfork murder and an Elks convention were both front-page stories. But on May 3, 1913, the Marion (Ohio) *Star's* headline read: "SCAVENGERS, HYENA-LIKE, DESECRATE THE GRAVES OF THE DEAD PATRIOTS WE REVERE." The *Star*, which was Warren G. Harding's newspaper, reserved "the place of Chief Hyena" for Charles A. Beard; his sin, the writing of *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States*.

The book was a torpid volume, intentionally so; but the conclusions it reached were not. Beard argued that the Constitution was drawn by persons who "were, with few exceptions, immediately, directly, and personally interested in, and derived economic advantages from, the establishment of the new system."¹ The study attracted immediate attention. Damned by conservatives and lauded by liberals, the book has continued to sustain the interest of readers for half a century. In 1938 the *New Republic* conducted a symposium on "Books That Changed Our Minds"; no work was cited more often than Beard's.²

Historians, of course, have paid special attention to the work. Innumerable books, articles, and theses have dealt with one or another aspect of Beard's argument. Many a former assistant professor would be one yet had he not published a timely article sustaining or denying a part of the economic interpretation of the Constitution. Indeed picking from the bones of Beard has provided a livelihood for many historians. It is perhaps well to inquire what was originally found among these bones.

The Constitution, as Beard saw it, was inflicted upon the United States by large and important economic interests which were adversely affected by the Articles of Confederation—under which the United States had been operating. These interests represented personality as opposed to real property.³ Eager to enhance their rights as property holders, particularly their rights as public creditors, these interests decided to bring about a change in government. Our fundamental law, according to Beard, was "not the product of an abstraction known as 'the whole people,' but of a group of economic interests which must have expected beneficial results from its

¹References to Beard are from Charles A. Beard, *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States*, (New York: 1935).

²Beard's work is placed in historical setting by Eric F. Goldman, *Rendezvous with Destiny, A History of Modern American Reform*, Revised Edition (New York: 1956), pp. 116 ff.

³The distinction between personality and real property is the difference between movable and immovable property, between chattels and land.

adoption." All of this Beard proved by demonstrating that the proponents of the Constitution were generally holders of personalty, especially public securities. The system's opponents, however, represented landed interests.

Those are the bones upon which a significant part of the historical profession have been feeding for five decades. In 1913 Beard asked if the framers of the Constitution created the new system of economic benefit. He answered yes. Later writers have answered both yes and no. But very few have replied by calling into question Beard's original query. Yet one might ask if it were a wise question.

Beard himself apparently had some doubts about his approach. For he sought to bolster his interpretation by assigning it to others. He argued that James Madison, himself author of the Constitution, had originally asked if the document were an economic one. To Madison, Beard attributed the notion that propertied classes are those most interested in legal forms because all legal systems are concerned with property rights. Madison certainly recognized that conflict might result from interests contending for control of government, but there are several differences between the concept of class struggle as viewed by Madison and by Beard. Beard thought that society was split one way, horizontally. The struggle over the Constitution was thus seen as one between merchant-creditor (personalty) and agrarian-debtor (landed) interests. Madison believed society was split not only horizontally but vertically as well. He could as easily picture cotton merchants contending with bankers as he could visualize farmers struggling with merchants. A second difference between Beard and Madison lies in their concepts of human nature. To Beard man was essentially a profit-seeking being. As he stated, "the direct, impelling motive (for the adoption of the Constitution) . . . was the economic advantages which the beneficiaries expected would accrue to themselves first, for their action." Madison refused to believe that man was an economic creature. Ideals as well as interests might motivate man, he contended.⁴

Madison was not the only antecedent claimed by Beard. Aristotle, Machiavelli, Locke, Daniel Webster, and John C. Calhoun were all included in Beard's self-appointed intellectual genealogy. But from none of them could Beard draw the essential ingredient in his economic interpretation, crass economic self-interest. To find some intellectual basis for such a concept, Beard would have better cited Adam Smith than Aristotle.

Beard's final recourse was to Karl Marx. Of a Marxian interpretation Beard said, "it seems as nearly as axiomatic as any proposition in social science can be. . . ." But as surely as Beard's theory was not derived directly from Madison or Aristotle, so it certainly was not Marxian. Beard's emphasis on individual self-interest would have held no appeal for Marx. Marx neither claimed that man was

⁴Madison's ideas on these questions are contained in Number 10 of the *Federalist Papers*.

motivated by the desire to maximize profits nor denied that men could be highminded and sacrifice economic gain for less than mundane motives. He believed that man's motives came from a variety of sources; it was a rare individual who was aware of what prompted his action. Marx's concern was not, in fact, with individual motivation. Rather he was interested in the problem of why certain ideals prevailed at certain times and others prevailed at other times. He argued that economic conditions determined which ideals flourish and which do not. Economic conditions, Marx would have insisted, determine the prevalence or absence of economic self-interest. Economic self-interest then became not a cause, as Beard maintained, but rather a result. Beard confused Marx's historical materialism with a much different concept, ethical materialism, a point of view which contends that the basis of man's action is the avoidance of pain and the attainment of pleasure. Again Beard's theory proved too narrow for the predecessors he claimed.⁵ None of them would have asked the particular question posed by Beard.

Unlike Marx, Beard refused to be concerned with ideas. He believed that he could prove the Constitution was an economic document merely by showing that holders of one form of property favored the change while it was opposed by certain property interests. But was Beard's method of proof valid?

An economic interpretation in which self-interest played the central role rests upon the doubtful assumption that men are economic creatures, that no other considerations cloud their minds except the desire to maximize profits and minimize losses. Even if one were to grant that this supposition is valid, Beard's interpretation demanded acceptance of several other dubious postulations. The first is that the proponents of the Constitution realized in 1787 that the new system would benefit them in 1791; either the authors of the Constitution had complete control over events during these years or else they were able to see into the future. The opponents of the document, on the other hand, must be assumed to have been too ignorant to realize that the Constitution would often be as beneficial to them as to personalty interests. Finally one must admit the notion that persons holding similar types of property, regardless of amount, will act with something that resembles class consciousness. Only by accepting all of these dubious assumptions can one accept Beard's thesis.

Beard may be attacked from another, slightly different, point of view. He was attempting to draw certain inferences about the relationship between two variables, property holdings and opinion on the Constitution. He considered only these two variables. But to establish any reasonable inferences about the relationship of any two variables—including Beard's—one must consider the influence of at least one other variable, hopefully more. Beard might have proven his point had he shown that holders of similar types of

⁵Sidney Hook, *Towards the Understanding of Karl Marx, A Revolutionary Interpretation*, (New York: 1933), pp. 147-149.

property generally tended to support the same point of view, despite their membership in groups identified by some other criterion than economic, e. g., personalty interests supported the Constitution, regardless of their coming from different sections of the country, New England, the Middle Atlantic States, the South, the West. Beard did not do this.⁶

Beard might have made a more substantial comment on the role of economics in history if he had dealt with property attitudes rather than property holdings. Such attitudes could not be ascertained by examining property holdings. A young Horatio Alger's opinions on property could never have been discovered by examining his belongings; likewise, the attitudes of young Charles Beard would be hard to come by if the material possessions of his well-to-do family were all that were to be considered. "To make the general principle (of economic interpretation) stand or fall with some practical application would be narrow in the extreme," said Edwin Seligman, a proponent of the Marxian interpretation of history and a colleague of Beard at Columbia University. To make the general principle stand or fall on the basis of an unrefined and lifeless interpretation was equally narrow.

In recent years Beard's study has been under serious attack. Its foremost assailant is Forrest McDonald, professor of history at Brown University. McDonald has spent several years attempting to extricate American historians from the limitations of the Beard thesis. With indefatigable labor McDonald has marshalled enough details to show that the proponents of the Constitution held more or less the same kinds of property as its opponents did. By doing a more extensive job of researching the problem set out by Beard, McDonald has demolished the thesis.⁷ McDonald, through it all, made no attempt to challenge the original question posed by Beard; rather he merely re-examined Beard's answer to this question and demonstrated that Beard's answer was untenable. What does this prove? In 1913 Beard offered a sterile interpretation of the Constitution. By equating economic self-interest and historical materialism Beard destroyed his argument before he began. He substantiated nothing. McDonald, by refuting Beard, proved no more than Beard had. McDonald did not, as he claimed, exclude the possibility of an economic interpretation of the Constitution. Instead he merely disproved Beard's peculiar interpretation. An economic interpretation of the Constitution is as possible in 1965 as it was in 1912.

McDonald's insistence upon discussing the economic interpretation of the Constitution in Beardian terms was not unusual. Since 1913 most students of the Constitution have done this. They, in all probability, will continue to do so. For McDonald will have his detractors just as Beard did. More and more answers—each more

⁶Lee Benson, *Turner and Beard*, (Glencoe, Illinois: 1960), pp. 155, 159.

⁷Forrest McDonald, *We The People, The Economic Origins of the Constitution*, (Chicago: 1958).

scholarly and detailed than the last—will be offered to Beard's meaningless question.

McDonald's study, if it were to discredit Beard, could have done so only by attacking Beard's methods. But revisionist historians have been singularly unconcerned about methodology. McDonald was so uncritical of Beard's method that he adopted it. This uncritical approach is characteristic of American historiography. The questions which American historians are answering today are frequently those which were asked decades ago. Some of these questions are important enough to be answered again; others, like Beard's, are best forgotten for the sake of a new approach.

The failure of historians to examine questions posed as well as answers given has from time to time caused the profession considerable embarrassment. Beard and McDonald again offer an example. Any enlightened American historian of 1965 is expected to realize that Beard has been more or less done in by McDonald. This same well-informed historian is likewise understood to accept the answer of Merrill Jensen to a question posed in 1888 by John Fiske, a question that closely relates to the Beard thesis. Fiske, a popular philosopher whom Beard said wrote without fear and without research, asked if the years from the American Revolution to the adoption of the Constitution were the most critical in American history. Yes was his answer. In 1950 Merrill Jensen of the University of Wisconsin said no to Fiske's question.⁸ The answer of Professor Jensen is accepted over that of Fiske. But Jensen is the intellectual heir to Beard, and the accepted Jensen interpretation supports the rejected Beard interpretation. The rejected Fiske bolsters the argument of McDonald. Beard and Jensen agree the years 1781-1789 were not critical. Fiske and McDonald see the period as one of great crisis. But the American historian who would deny either Jensen or McDonald is classed by his colleagues as an unenlightened reactionary. The whole imbroglio is best forgotten.⁹

This situation is neither unique nor even unusual. And more of these embarrassing situations will continue to arise as long as historians are content to reply to old and meaningless questions. They will continue to arise until the more important role of the revisionists is seen not as offering new answers but as posing new questions.

⁸John Fiske, *The Critical Period of American History*, (Boston: 1888); Merrill Jensen, *The New Nation; a History of the United States during the Confederation, 1781-1789*, (New York: 1950).

⁹McDonald recognized the inconsistency and attempted to argue that he and Jensen supported each other. A careful reading of Jensen and McDonald indicates that such is certainly not the case.

RELIGION AND THE HUMANITIES

It was Socrates who went around the streets of Athens, asking questions about all sorts of speculative, and as we would say today, philosophical questions. He did not claim to give answers, for as he pointed out it was hard enough to ask a good question, let alone to give an answer to it. So, emulating Socrates in spirit, I shall ask, or try to formulate a few questions and to regard it as he did, the better part of wisdom to refrain from giving answers. For, I take it to have been part of the point of the oracle's remark to Socrates when he was told that he was the wisest of men, that the pursuit of knowledge, like the pursuit of happiness, was not a thing to be attained once and for all but rather the very essence of the thing itself.

Among the various charges brought against Socrates, was that he preached a false religion and that in so doing he corrupted the youth. History, in the form of Socrates' words as reported in the *Apology*, informs us that the real charge against Socrates was that he was considered to be a 'gad-fly' stinging the flanks of the complacent and corrupt political and social horse that was finally to take Athens to its doom. The point of mentioning this is twofold: One, to make clear that religious heresy is often a trumped up charge against those who hold unorthodox beliefs and attitudes in areas other than religion (or who are actively promoting changes in cultural folk-ways); and Two, to indicate the respects in which religions at all times have always had a very powerful influence upon the emotions of homo sapiens. This is not a unique characteristic of religious beliefs and their attendant rituals, of course. But, as I see it, religion has been one of the more powerful social ways in which man has expressed his emotional attitudes toward and beliefs about nature, himself, the universe in which he finds himself, and his relationship to his fellow human beings. Particularly, religion has enabled men to accept much that *prima facie* is not acceptable on rational grounds alone. Philosophy itself has often been thought of as concerned primarily with the 'science of the gods'—at least in Western culture—with the soul, and with the nature of that which transcends the daily sights and sounds around us. In saying this, I want to stress the fact that religions, from the most primitive to the most sophisticated, are products of human thinking, and of human attitudes to what is observed, as well as to what is loved, feared, hated; valued or disvalued. So, a study of the history of religion, not of any particular religion, but of religion as it has occurred in the history of human culture, is one of the ways in which we study human nature. And we see that at least in the history of Western civilization religion, while often difficult to justify rationally, has through symbols and rituals, through words and music, through clothing and decoration, through

art and architecture, created a vast set of habitual responses and stimuli that help define the culture attitudes and morality of which it is a part. Indeed, we would find it very difficult to say anything significant about any culture unless we understood its religion or religions. Among the various functions of religion about which we could generalize, is that of providing a framework for coming to terms with that which we do not understand as yet or cannot rationally accept. Indeed, there may always be a residuum that we shall simply have to accept as not amenable to the aims of science or the goals of practical life. When we are told that Adam and Eve ate of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, this can be understood as a metaphorical way of pointing out that man became self-conscious at the moment when he saw himself as human, and therefore as a moral and social being with a conscience. And it is the humanities, in the broadest sense of that term, that are expressions of human concern with moral, social, aesthetic aspirations, ideals, predicaments and conclusions. To know what one ought to do, for example, in making a moral or practical decision is not wholly answered by the 'facts'. To decide whether or not a man is to be judged guilty or innocent, is again not merely a question of the facts, at least not *prima facie*, for in so judging we have already taken up a moral attitude toward certain types of situations: murder, for example, or incest, or theft. And, we certainly can see today that when the occupations of men and women are so often narrowly circumscribed into specialities, that the idea that science and technology are to be sharply differentiated in terms of methods, subject-matter and results from the humanities and religion, we have a caricature of human life, as well as an expression of relative values. For—and this is a question I shall not answer—what would a human person be like if he were identical with his occupation in the modern sense? And what would a society be like that was wholly scientific or wholly technological? Can we not imagine *Machina Cogitans* instead of *Homo Sapiens*? I shall suggest that part of the answer to the question but by no means *a* or *the* answer to the question of what defines a human person is in terms of the religious, intellectual, artistic and practical way of life that is lived by the individual and that is approved of by his culture. In the 4th and 5th centuries before Christianity, we look to the humanities—to the art, architecture, music, philosophy, poetry, and drama as well as to the specific religious doctrines to find out how people lived, and what they believed in as well as what they believed to be true. Of course, we can never recapture it in its living aspects as it was then—for it is all past, like so many fossil remains. But in so far as we can understand what it meant to be a citizen of Greece—an Athenian gentleman, or what it meant to be a 'slave' or to be a Socrates, who was not one or the other—we try to recapture it as best we can. And we see, too, that to change these in a radical or even a gradual way, or only parts of these, was to change the Greek way of life, and thus to change Greeks. For, and again I put this as a question: Is not a human being defined at least partially in terms of his total way of life? To

know what kind of a person Socrates was, is to know his beliefs, his moral principles, his attitude toward the society in which he lived, toward himself, toward death—so articulately expressed in the *Apology*—as well as to know what he wore, how he lived, and all the various statistics of his habits and his appearance. To define him biologically and/or chemically as an organization of living cells, or a cell colony, or to define him as a member of the species in terms of his capacities to replicate something like himself, would not be to tell us what made him a unique and at the same time a similar member of Greek culture. By the same token, any human being who is cultured in the broad sense of that term, will obtain part of his self-concept of himself, not only as he thinks he is or as others see him but as he would aspire to be in terms of his adoption of or reaction against the intellectual, religious, artistic and technological features of his social milieu. That today we should be involved in discussing the question of the place of religion in formal education, or in life or the relationship between the sciences and the arts, or humanities, indicates how fragmented our culture has become. Today we recognize and practice in a social way many different religions all over the globe. Even within the United States, whereas references to a Christian God occur in our constitutional practices—our oaths of allegiances—there is room for a wide variety of different religions. And, I might add, to support my thesis of the force of religion in changing a way of life, the manner in which the Polynesians became partially Christianized but still retain certain customs and beliefs that hark back to their older religion. The end of the middle-ages saw the termination of one religion in Western culture as the way of life for all that came under its influence. It did for a time, permeate the total intellectual, artistic and social structure. Religion was not the desert of life merely, but it was the way of life. Art, architecture, philosophy, music, language, literature were all unified in terms of the worship of God and the determiner of man's image of himself and his world. We could ask the question: were the beliefs and the pronouncements true? But if this were our only question, then we would not only miss the point, but we would also get bogged down in a morass of epistemological questions, that even Pontius Pilate did not wait to answer. Indeed, positivism in its most blatant form, has led us to realize that we ask the wrong question when we ask: Are the statements of a theology true? Although over-simplified, the positivists have led us to see that utterances can not be judged merely by their form alone. And by calling these pseudo-statements, we call attention to the fact that many of them are not decidable by any of the known methods and techniques that we have come to rely on in science, or everyday life. Religion, like the humanities, does not rely for its value solely—and some would say not at all—on the truth-value of its sentences. For as practiced religion involves actions, feelings, and attitudes. Death—to take an example, of one of man's eternal preoccupations—can be understood in chemical terms, or energy transfer language—but for all that, we may still ask: but what

happens to the soul? And whereas, this question may indeed have no meaning for science, the religious answer to it may go a long way toward making "sense of" the fact of death. And here, the positivists again gave us an insight that Socrates had insisted upon: Know first the meaning. Surely one function of religion has been to make sense of what from a scientific point of view may not make sense. If man can, from a religious point of view, make acceptable to himself fear, and hatred, war and death; earthquakes and floods and nuclear bombs and love and man's striving for some form of perfection, and the creation of art, of poetry within the framework of science, he would still need if he were not to become a *Machina Cogitans*, to face the novel, the new, the not yet to be foreseen in the universe. For science, too, does not give us a complete set of answers, but if we like only the forms of answers. Morality, so essential to social life, receives its most articulate expression not only in religion but also in the arts, sometimes through action, sometimes through verbal instruction, sometimes through iconic and symbolic representation. As humanists we seek and express possible ways of using the knowledge that science provides; we need to understand what our value systems are, however complex, and we need, also to alter our value systems as we alter our way of life. For the two are intimately and reciprocally related. It is not then as scientists, or as doctors or lawyers or teachers, that our way of life is defined, or need be defined, but as human beings. It is this breadth of definition that is sought in the humanities, and it is in this sense that religion and science are as much a part of the total human condition as is the food we eat, our houses, and the clothing that we wear.

As to the practical question of the place of religion in the education of the members of our culture today, the answer is not clear cut. In some respects, this education is carried on at an informal level in the home. Publicly, we have places in which to worship and also to learn the beliefs and attitudes underlying this worship. In our schools that are devoted to education in the broader and formalized sense, we can incorporate as subject-matter a study of religious history, not only of our own Western culture but also of other cultures as well. In addition, one can study questions of the psychological and sociological aspects of religions, theoretical and practical. In an even narrower sense, philosophical analysis of religious beliefs, their validation, and content can give us a clearer insight into religious utterances. All of this, however, is at the level of understanding. In so far as religion is tied into actions and feelings, its aims become practical and no longer have a place in theoretical training. But this is hardly different from any subject matter. The philosophy student, is not yet a practicing philosopher, either in the narrow professional sense, nor in the wider sense in which he finally attains sufficient grasp of the problems and methods to be able to use them himself in the solution of life problems. But it is my understanding of the function of educational institutions that as they exist today they are primarily preparatory

to living. To be sure, this distinction is not absolute. But it is my belief, stated earlier in this paper, that part of the educational process is to learn how to go about asking answerable questions, learning how to go about trying to answer them, and learning too when we do not know either the questions or the answers. Practical life involves both knowledge and evaluation of goals—both decision-making and means to achieve the goals decided upon. In so far as a study of religion (and the humanities in general) helps us to understand these processes, the study of religion will be useful. Besides this, religion, as with all other subject-matters, may simply have intrinsic value in being an interesting aspect of man's history up to the present moment.

SAINT CORIOLANUS

To make of individuals the seat of an indivisible unity is to restore with one hand what one destroys with the other and . . . is to deny unity to the universe in order to discover it in the inwardness of the individual consciousness. But in the absolute negation of unity, the individual himself, who is other than all the others, is other than himself in his own consciousness. Thus, he does not have enough force really to oppose all and to engender a true, anarchic plurality. Unity and multiplicity disappear together, their specters remain and shimmer at the surface of being: no unity means unity everywhere and of anything with anything; being presents itself in huge massive aggregates; but this large appearance collapses as soon as one touches it, only to be reborn elsewhere, always elsewhere. Absence of unity is appearance playing at being; it is **unity become an evil**.

Jean-Paul Sartre, *Saint Genet* (Tr. Bernard Frechtman)

In his introduction to *Coriolanus* for the Pelican Shakespeare, Harry Levin finds Shakespeare's play to be "more fraught with significance for our time than any other drama in the Shakespearean repertory." The play belongs to Shakespeare's group of Roman plays, a group which includes *Julius Caesar* and *Antony and Cleopatra*. Individually and together, these plays deal with matters of history that even in Shakespeare's time could be considered ancient. While they did not have the immediacy for his audience of the Chronicle plays, they are concerned with ethical problems, seen from different angles, arising from the confrontation of individual integrity and private needs with public responsibility and the social pressure of public requirements. The Chronicle plays have to do with the political and emotional problems of the British monarchs, and are inevitably influenced by the pro-Tudor propaganda of the Tudor historians whose work provided Shakespeare with his sources. Roman history, traditionally the basis for a sizeable amount of Renaissance political theorizing, offered Shakespeare far more freedom than English history for a close and subtle investigation of political, personal, and social morality.

Of the three Roman plays, excluding Shakespeare's early Senecan experiment *Titus Andronicus*, *Coriolanus* is most directly concerned with the contradictory relationship of the great individualist and his not-so-great society. *Julius Caesar* traces the corrupting force of power when it comes into the hands of such an idealist as Brutus who murders for the public good, and *Antony and Cleopatra*, among a great many other things, outlines the conflict between worldly and spiritual striving, but *Coriolanus* shows us an isolated hero who goes to his private Golgotha damned by his individuality.

In *Shakespeare Our Contemporary* (Doubleday and Company, Inc., 1964), Jan Kott expresses the view that the play is politically, morally, and philosophically ambiguous. This is so, and it goes a long

way toward explaining why *Coriolanus* has never been popular with audiences or readers. The harshness of the plot and the characters, the austere brutality of the language, the single-minded address of the playwright to the single complex theme might also account for the play's neglect. Yet it is upon this play more than any other history or Roman play that Bertolt Brecht modelled his own epics, it is this play that Kott calls "modern", that Levin finds fraught with significance for our time, and that was immediately called to my mind upon reading Sartre's words quoted in the epigraph.

The plot is spare. Mutinous citizens of Rome riot in a time of famine, refusing to recognize the authority or wisdom of their senators; Caius Martius, to be known later as Coriolanus, reviles them; the city of Rome is threatened in this time of unrest by Tullus Aufidius and the Volscian army; almost single-handedly, certainly not backed by his soldiers who show themselves cowards, Caius Martius storms the ramparts of Corioli, vanquishes his enemies and becomes the savior of Rome. To do Caius Martius honor, Rome gives him the name Coriolanus and offers him a consulship. Now Coriolanus must get the voice of the multitude; in a gown of humility he exposes his wounds got in defending Rome to the public. His pride and reason cannot endure this necessary but offensive ritual; he insults the public for its sensation-seeking. He is tried for treason, threatened with death, and expelled from Rome. He joins his former enemy, Tullus Aufidius, plans to march on Rome and destroy the ungrateful city. He is finally persuaded by his mother and wife to show mercy; Coriolanus leaves Rome forever, returns to Corioli, and accused of treason, is brutally killed by the people there.

The characterization is austere. Volumnia, the hero's mother, is, to use Kott's adjective, Spartan. She demands of her son all those virtues which Rome demands: heroism, sacrifice, courage, honesty. She would sooner have eleven dead heroes for sons than one live coward. It seems her sole purpose in life is to foster that form of individuality and integrity in her son that would do Rome the greatest service in its time of need. Menenius Agrippa, the hero's friend, is the quintessential politician, capable of applying authority with charm or severity, capable of compromise or equivocation as the occasion demands. Sicinius Velutus and Junius Brutus, tribunes of the Roman people and enemies of all that Coriolanus stands for, are opportunists. Tullus Aufidius, Coriolanus's Volscian rival, is ambitious for military conquest and envious of his enemy-partner's greatness. The citizens of Rome and Corioli, who together make up one character—the people or the masses—are fickle, easily persuaded to one point of view or its opposite, totally self-interested, sensation-seeking, neither rational nor sympathetic, and cowardly. Together, these citizens form the one character against which the character of Coriolanus must stand in relief.

Coriolanus has in him those virtues which in their pristine form are as dangerous as they are useful to his society. He is the complete individual; as Levin says, the word "alone" is repeated more than

in any other Shakespearean work. He is valiant, direct, honest, plain-speaking. His integrity and pride prevent him from the falseness of flattery: he neither gives it nor receives it with grace.

Coriolanus is not democratic in his sympathies; this is neither a virtue nor a fault. He has no patience with what we today call the "common man" and what Shakespeare called the "rabble". He does not trust them. Shakespeare offers a concrete basis for his distrust. But Rome or any society is composed of such people and in a paradoxical way derives its strength from them. The very virtues that his mother inculcated in Coriolanus are the very virtues which will protect them. However, these virtues work only under special circumstances in their pristine form. Therefore they make the Roman mob or the Roman citizens antagonistic towards the man who possesses these virtues. He, if he takes himself as seriously as Coriolanus does, finds himself as often at odds with those he is meant to lead or protect as he finds himself joined to them.

There are times when Coriolanus must oppose the mob by virtue of his integrity. The scenes in which Coriolanus must flatter the Romans in order to get their vote for the consulship demonstrate this. The Romans wish to see Coriolanus's wounds as proof of his virtue. He has already defended Rome. This fact itself should be enough to get him the position he seeks. The wounds have no logical relationship either to his quality or his suitability as a consul and, therefore, Coriolanus is forced into an authoritarian position when he reviles the mob for its curiosity. The authoritarian position that makes him a great fighter and a greater leader paradoxically makes him an inferior politician; he finds himself by virtue of his individuality alienated from his society and at once both useful and totally dangerous to the well-being of that society. He is not in a state of unity. In a sense, he is fated to choose a position which will destroy him.

Perhaps Coriolanus's flaw lies in his complete acceptance of his own value and importance; he would not be able to operate efficiently if this were not so. Yet this belief of his is illusory, because the citizens for whom he has fought do not always see him as he sees himself. He is, therefore, put into a paradoxical position. In order to preserve the integrity of his own self, he finds that he must destroy that society which has given him his integrity or has made him value it above all other aspects of character.

His society is placed equally in a position of paradox: it cannot tolerate, since it represents a threat to its members, the very qualities of character which it has demanded of their hero. It therefore appears that Coriolanus's integrity has only a transient acceptance and exists as a fixed quality only in his mind. Coriolanus seeks for total acceptance of what he stands for, once from the Romans and once again from the men of Corioli. He is in both cases once accepted and once rejected. Both acceptance and rejection are demanded by the self-interest of the citizens involved. Any move that Coriolanus

makes to maintain the integrity in which he so fiercely believes is doomed to failure at a time of peace or even victory. The values of his societies, Rome and Corioli, are transitory, not to say illusory. The values shift according to the needs at any given time of either of the two societies. For this reason Coriolanus's inability to compromise with what he has been made to believe he is and what those who see him believe he is leads him into a state of alienation with society. It makes him essentially inoperative; in a way, it puts him into a state of social sin. A virtue becomes a vice.

It is in this paradoxical and contradictory relationship that Coriolanus has with both the Roman citizens and the men of Corioli that the modernity of the play lies. Too strong a sense of individual identity will produce a loss of identity at times if identity is equated with usefulness to society. In this respect the distance between Coriolanus, who sins by virtue of virtue, and Jean-Paul Sartre's everyman of the twentieth century, Jean Genet, who sins by virtue of vice, is non-existent. Moral ambiguity exists in both cases.

The ambiguity results from the interaction between the individual and his society. The individual, Coriolanus or Genet, is placed in a position where he is forced to a choice of yielding his sociogenic individuality and integrity to accommodate the transient demands of the outside group, or to remove himself from the group by exile, death, or the destruction of society. If the group is as large as Rome or Corioli, the third choice, if taken, is doomed to failure. Society demands that a choice be made; it forces the individual to commit himself one way or the other. Either by assimilation, rejection, or destruction a sacrifice is demanded.

Value is relative, virtue is relative; individuality, sense of personality, seems to become, therefore, illusory. The struggle to maintain individuality, to maintain the sense of identity, militates against the society which insists upon individuality and identity and so leads only to the destruction of self.

Stephen L. Wasby

ON A CHRISTMAS CONCERT IN ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL . . .

"Kyrie Eleison . . ."

The words of the Mass,
sung clarion-clear
by the dozen voices . . .

The intense brilliance of the violin
piercing the silence.

The spoken word, heightening through
poetry the contrast,

The stark simplicity of setting—
modern wood and stone, allowing
full contemplation of things essential.
The solemn tootling the recorder plays.

Assisting the thoughts,
calm yet flowing
and joining with them, intermingled.

A warmth, internal, against the
outside physical cold—peacefulness, but
without total detachment.

Now the blending, joyful, of strings,
keys, and vibrant air;
followed and ended by dozen voices
caroling:

sending forth, in this setting, sentiments
uncommercialized to be shared,

As I share this willingly
with you.

AMERICA'S SELF-IMAGE, THE WORLD, AND THE POLITICAL PROCESS: A "THINK-PIECE"

The Cold War between East and West has as one of its consequences forced many Americans who had not previously considered their self-image as "Americans" to consider what that image was. Concern with appearance in the eyes of fellow-Americans has not been the principal reason for this introspection. People are concerned to some degree about the image they present to natives of other countries. They have been told that our prestige has dropped in foreign countries and have read of affronts to the nation's leaders. And they may have felt that insults to the President—in some sense representative of Americans "in general"—were insults to them. The large number of individuals in the society who found "prestige" a concept too abstract to deal with easily found it possible to think of Mr. Eisenhower as symbolic of this prestige. If he would not be accorded a good welcome, then the Average American might have little chance. Through a number of events, segments of the populace have been made aware of a problem concerning the image of the American. The problem has been voiced as one caused by the conflict between East and West; were there no conflict, our image would still be important, but not as much as at present. This awareness cuts across lines of political partisanship. Both candidates in the 1960 Presidential campaign said that our prestige and our image were important, although they disagreed as to the present quality of these items.

Awareness has been fostered in a number of ways. Television and the newspapers have given much coverage to the events of the Cold War. Reports written by the government's intelligence services (when not classified as "secret") as well as stories of particular events are reported regularly. Works of fiction, like *The Ugly American*, help make the problem of the American image a real one for the bulk of the population. Increasing numbers of tourists report to their friends about experiences in foreign countries and thus increase familiarity with those countries, even if in a superficial manner. Many have served in other places while in the Armed Forces. For those who have been to another country or who know someone who has, the problem of our image may be more immediate and relevant when someone like a candidate for the Presidency suggests that this image is not what it should be.

The candidate suggests change; before such changes can be brought about, the problem must be visible. The viewer may not have any particular feelings about particular solutions to the problem posed, but his awareness may better prepare him to accept with less serious doubt any changes which may be suggested for American foreign policy. High visibility may assist political change;

the political institution *may* be one in which this is the case. On the other hand, within certain institutions, visibility alerts the opponents of change so that they can mobilize their forces to block what has been proposed.

To this point in the nation's history, the question of self-image has not been a constant or major political issue. The United States has been a nation which by and large has not involved itself in international affairs, having been content for the most part to receive sufficient respect so that its affairs would not be interfered with and its merchants and government could secure adequate credit when necessary. It wanted an image of autonomy and relative strength. It did not want to become subordinate to other nations and in addition wished to be able to protect what it considered its own "sphere of influence," basically the Western Hemisphere. But the self-image had relatively little content, nor was this necessary so long as no major change was desired from within or attempted from outside. However, as the United States has become a "major world power," and as it has been found that maintaining a position of neutralist autonomy is unrealistic, that things will not stand still, and that we must actively involve ourselves in the affairs of the world to protect *at minimum* our present position, let alone to expand it, concern for the image has grown. The world situation has become one of continuous conflict and conquest—conquest not so much in the older imperialist sense, but conquest in the sense of lining up the new "neutralist" nations of the world on our side or at least of not alienating them from us and driving them into the arms of our opponents. This has not made the content of the image much clearer than it was; there is a greater concern that the content be "good," that our self-image be a favorable one, but the methods through which this "good" image can be attained are by no means agreed upon. When the question of the image was not immediate to many people, disagreement about the content was almost non-existent. Faced with immediate problems, people are far more likely to disagree as to the image's content.

Many people may still feel either that a problem does not exist or that it is a trivial one; they may be concerned with things closer to home. Whether there is a problem in an objective sense is irrelevant, however, if a considerable number of people perceive the existence of one, particularly if these people are in positions of importance in various institutions in the society from which they can attempt to influence others. If the leaders get too far out in front of the followers, their leadership position may, however, be lost. Concentration on foreign affairs may not be appreciated in an area which does not perceive foreign affairs as important or as posing critical problems. This is particularly the case where serious problems are, at the same time, thought to exist "at home."

The democratic ideology has held for some time that the people should govern, meaning that one man was as competent as another to make decisions on government policy. This Jacksonian view of

democracy is still held by many, who feel that our foreign policy should be determined by "public opinion." For these people, represented by the late Senator Taft, the people would *have* to have a feeling that there was a problem before one existed concerning which any effort should be expended. That the experts have suggested there is a problem would not be enough. On the other hand, those who advocate the development of foreign policy by expert (George Kennan, for example) would allow the expert, who has access to special informants and special information, to define the existence of a problem. This latter position poses a potential strain for the society, because one value about which there appears to be consensus is that the political institution should be highly visible. All information, it is said, should be made available, so that the voter can make up his mind about policy considerations in a rational manner. That this model of the rational voter is inaccurate is not the question here. The point is that those who indicate they have more thorough access to information and that the "masses" are not capable of making policy decisions because of lack of information pose a strain on the consensus achieved by the society. These individuals may want political backing for the specific stands they take, they may want to achieve consensus in this sense, but many people may perceive them as doing this in a way defined by the society as unacceptable.

If the Average American feels compelled to deal with the problem of his self-image, to take cognizance of that which is "new," "foreign," and "different," his confusion and perhaps resulting rebellion at this compulsion may perhaps create serious strains in the society. The individual is not being asked to think slowly about this; the world has become small quickly, and it is being suggested that changes be made, not eventually, but *now*. The person accustomed to his local community where life moves relatively slowly and seemingly without major disruptions will not at all relish having to adopt to the fast pace of the "new world." The Southerner does not like being told he must stop segregation not because it is "morally wrong" (he has been told this before), but because "it is hurting our relations abroad." He has developed some vaguely defined feeling of patriotism, some image of being for what is "good" for America, but previously this has not been bothersome for him. With few exceptions, what has been good for him has been good for America and *vice-versa*. Now he is told that what America needs requires great sacrifice on his part, sacrifice of customs and traditions. The patriotism seldom had to extend beyond the country's borders—and when it did, it was to eliminate all those who might invade the country, to "make the world safe for democracy." Now the leap must be made, across the Atlantic and the Pacific to strange lands . . .

If agreement can be reached as to what the problems of the society are, this agreement may help to provide stability within the society; disagreement as to specifics will then occur within the framework of knowledge that "something" needs to be done. As

the choice left to the policy-makers is unlikely to be limitless, the definition of the problem will impose some limitations on what the decision can be. While awareness of a problem, and the confusion created in the short run by that awareness, may be necessary for change to come about and problems to be solved, yet severe strains may be created within the society by the problem-solving process. The increasing conflicts between internal and external affairs in the United States, which in the short run show little sign of ceasing or decreasing, may not only injure our "prestige" abroad, but may also weaken the society's internal stability.

Operation in international affairs requires a unity and speed of action with which the complete use of the democratic process internally (coupled with a federal governmental structure) may ill comport. Internal and external affairs may not be separable to the degree they once were. Those elected to control domestic policy also control foreign policy, and in fact may be elected because of their prestige concerning the latter; what is done in one sphere may affect the other (if one gives away farm surpluses, to gain a better name in other countries, someone within our country screams that he is being injured financially). This puts considerable strain on the operation of both our foreign affairs and our internal politics. Other countries are unwilling to sign agreements with an outgoing President, fearing that his successor will not honor the agreement. Candidates for the Presidency, particularly if from the "in-party," suggest that the incumbent President not be criticized at election time because it will hurt our foreign relations; whether done purposely as an attempt to gag an "out-party" candidate or not, the effect of restraining the full operation of democratic politics is obvious.

To indicate these problems is not to provide solutions. That is not my purpose here. However, we should recognize that conflict may be necessary to allow resolution of certain of these problems—but this conflict must occur within "the rules of the game" agreed to by the players beforehand if the parties are to be reconciled afterwards. Consensus on the proper procedure will not necessarily bring about consensus on specific policy, but the former is a prerequisite for the latter. In addition, to be meaningful, the consensus must be in large measure voluntarily adopted. As the present debate over our involvement in Viet Nam, raging as this is written, suggests, we are not sure that we have a consensus either as to procedure or the substance of policy. We do, however, seem to be groping in that direction—whether because the present President requires a consensus as the basis for his operations or not is unclear—and that itself is a hopeful sign.

AL COR GENTIL

Felice Peano was born in Italy around 1870, I never knew where; it must have been in Piedmont because he would lapse into Piedmontese when he wanted to. He was trained in the art of sculpture in Italian academies, and came to San Francisco early in the 90's, with the ambition of contributing to the cultural life of Californians. He did, but not just as he had expected.

He found his way to my Grandmother's house in Oakland across the Bay, I don't know how, but it was inevitable that he should because her warm and abundant hospitality welcomed artists, musicians, and writers. It was not long till she had commissioned some sculptures; before the sculptures were finished, he was established as a friend of the family, free to come and go in the house as he wished.

Peano decided to settle down in Oakland, and built a house to suit his needs and whims on the shore of Lake Merrit. He embellished both the interior and the exterior with his sculptures. The focal point of the house was a large vestibule with a staircase in the grand manner, on the balustrade of which were poised life-sized female nudes in bronze, each holding a musical instrument. Peano, unlike his race, was tone-deaf, so he found no anomaly in a silent orchestra. He appropriately named his house *La Capricciosa*.

About this time in his life, Peano embraced Socialism. I say advisedly that he "embraced" it—with enthusiasm and fervor. At a Socialist meeting he made the acquaintance of Jack London, whose success as a novelist was still to be made; they became friends, and soon London took up quarters in *La Capricciosa*. I don't know whether he did so at Peano's express invitation, but I suspect, in the light of what followed, that he just moved in. London, as a convinced Socialist, preached sharing the wealth; he practiced it by getting himself a share of Peano's one possession, his house. But the house had to be shared with others. London spent his evening on Skid Row, where he would pick up tramps and bring them to *La Capricciosa* to sleep out the rest of the night in the grand vestibule. Peano, who was often invited to dinner by his solid bourgeois friends and patrons, would find himself obliged when he came home to pick his way over the recumbent bodies of the tramps to get to the stairs and up to his bedroom. I can't resist speculating on the thoughts of the tramps when they awoke in the sober morning to the sight of that (unmistakably) all-girl orchestra.

After some years, Peano sold his beloved *Capricciosa* and went to Los Angeles. As private patronage had turned out to be disappointing, he hoped to find a market for his art and his inventions in the film studios. Like his predecessors of the Renaissance, he was

an inventor as well as a sculptor. A generation before Disney, he conceived of animated strips. He invented the process for coating babies' shoes with bronze. He invented the ancestor of the golf cart, but his cart was for ladies to go shopping in. It was shaped like a swan; the occupant sat between the half-open wings; the neck was a steering bar. Somehow it didn't catch on. He never profited much from his inventions—the marketable ones—because he was too guileless to guard against having the ideas pirated.

At the time I first remember Peano, he was past forty, a vigorous stocky man in amorphous tweeds, with his broad powerful hands thrust into his stretched pockets and a cap pulled down on his squarish balding head. He would come from Los Angeles to visit us once or twice a year. Sometimes he announced his visit ahead of time, sometimes he just came and rang the doorbell. He always made an exuberant entrance, filling the house with his resonant voice and his cheerful humor. We children would come running; usually we were allowed to escort him to the guestroom. But we were disturbed by the fact that he had no luggage. He showed us that he had a toothbrush in one pocket, a small comb in another—all that he needed for the little hair he had left. He explained that he didn't wear pajamas, or underwear either; he didn't believe in wearing them. (Could that be the result of Socialism, we wondered.) Our concern for hygiene evaporated at the sight of the other things which came out of pockets: a lock of hair metamorphosed to bronze by his ingenuity, curlicues of silver (he had invented a refinement on the lost-wax process of casting precious metals), bits of opal and moonstone because he had been making jewelry.

During dinner he poured out to Grandmother an account of his inventions in progress, handing around sketches or a model. For once the small fry were content to be seen and not heard. As the children of Leonardo da Vinci's friends must have listened to *him* talk about his inventions, we absorbed avidly Peano's accounts of his latest inspirations. His inventions covered everything from the cradle to the grave and looked beyond to eternity. As I have already said, he found a way to make babies' shoes as enduring as bronze. On one visit he brought with him a white porcelain plaque, about eight inches high and five inches wide, bearing the profile of a woman in low relief. He explained, to our horrified delight, that he had mixed into the clay from which he made the plaque the ashes of a dead woman (bone china!); the profile was her portrait. His intention, as always was clear and direct, though not at all simple: to enable people to keep their dead at home with them and have their memories kept fresh by portraits. Here were nuances of the American language which eluded him. He described his cinerary plaque as "china". It took a quarter of an hour of Grandmother's persuasive grace to convince him that he would do better to refer to it as "ceramic".

After dinner the children were allowed to claim Peano's attention. We knew just what to bring him: an improvised drawing

board, large sheets of un-shiny paper, and a soft pencil. Then under the ancient skill of his Italian hands the lovely forms blossomed and ripened. I remember in clear detail a beautiful drawing of the three stages of man, profiles of an infant, a young woman, and an old man. As he drew, Peano gave us a little lecture on the changes which take place with the passing years in the bone structures of the human head. Or he would draw a skeleton in its elegant Gothic economy, pointing out to us what made it a *female* skeleton, and then with a few graceful strokes cover it with luscious Baroque flesh.

Usually Peano's visits lasted only a day or two, but occasionally he would stay for a week when he had been invited to do so. We children looked forward to these longer visits impatiently because we knew that he would give us lessons in sculpture. He sent ahead of him a hundred pounds of modeling clay. The lessons began at the woodpile. He would carefully select an oak log with a curved grain and split from it sticks, which he whittled, as easily as though oak were soft, into modeling tools. He had us rub them down and oil them—with olive oil, nothing else would do. Only when the tools were ready would he let us even see the clay. There was no new-fangled nonsense about allowing us to express ourselves in our own way. What he had in mind was to teach us; we watched him and did the little jobs of apprentices. When he went to work on it, the clay came alive in his hands. We were happy to watch and to learn.

Peano was never married, though often and easily in love. When I was grown up and old enough to understand such things, he told me about the great love affair of his youth. It had taken place while he was living in La Capricciosa, with Jack London's company. He met the young lady in my Grandmother's house. Her face and figure were handsome; that state of affairs struck his sculptor's eye. She bubbled with *joie de vivre* and vitality; his Mediterranean heart was captivated. He was reduced rapidly to helpless adoration, but without encouragement from the lady. She was the daughter of a more than solid family, not at all inclined to look with favor upon a struggling young artist. He carved her portrait in marble, from memory, of course—she wouldn't pose for him. Her heart remained as cold as the stone.

Poor Felice, sick with love, went to a drugstore and asked to smell all the perfumes they had in stock. He recognized the perfume which his cruel beloved used, bought the bottle, and brought it home, hoping to ease his pain with its fragrance. But the only cure was to accept his despair.

Jack London, in sympathy with his friend's grief, wrote a love lament in verse. Peano etched the verses on a copper plate and hung it around the neck of the marble bust. Early one morning Peano and London loaded the bust into a rowboat, rowed out onto Lake Merrit and dropped the bust deep into the lake. If the archaeologists of the future ever dredge up that item, it will give them an interesting time.

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